MY FATHER AND THE EMPRESS

By MARIA RASPUTIN

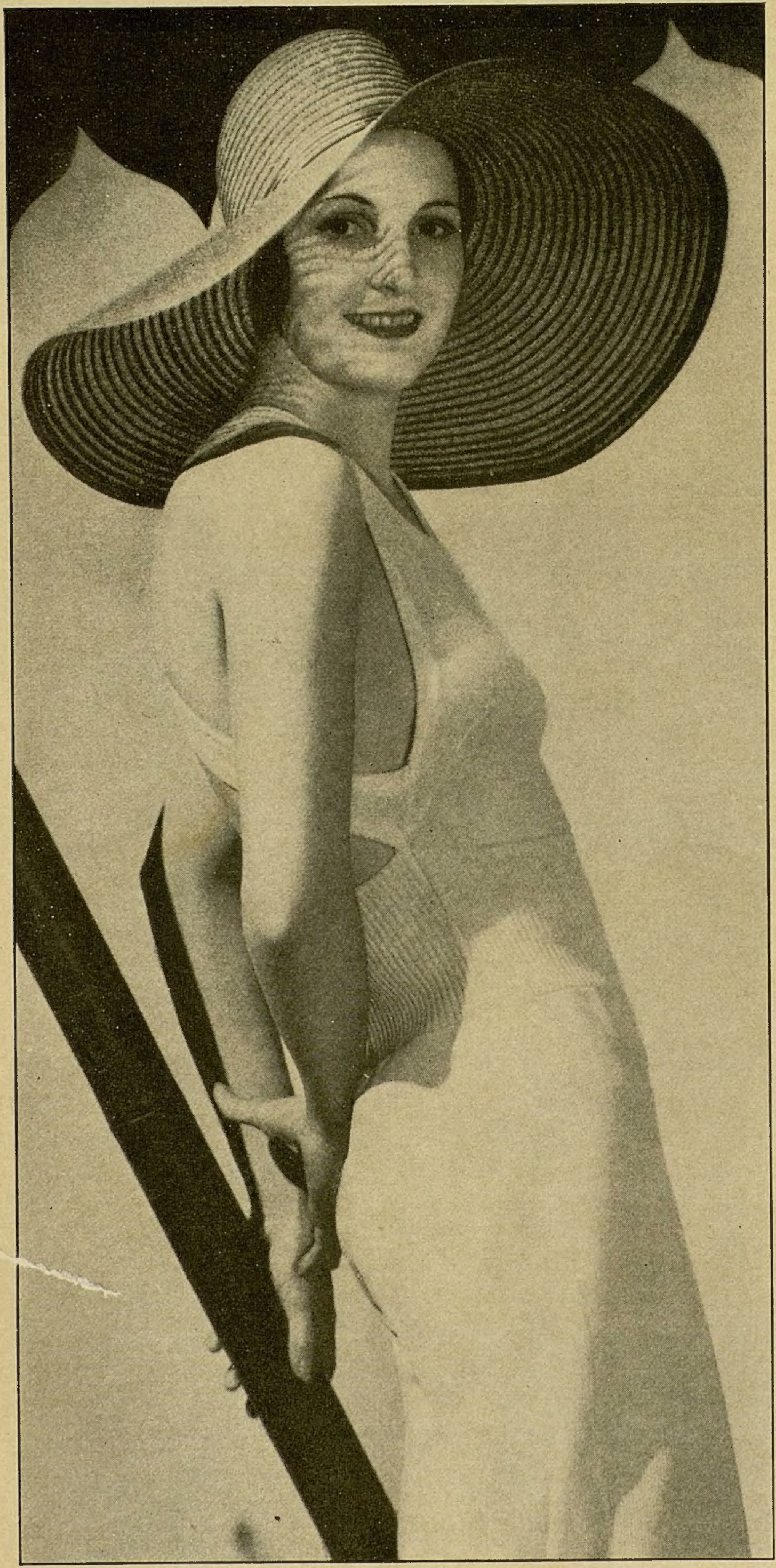
Liberty

AUG. 5,
1933

5¢

THE REAL STORY OF HANS WAGNER, BASEBALL'S GREATEST SHORTSTOP

“This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..



yet I pay only 25¢ a tube”

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill “the-next-to-nothing-house” because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about $3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevvie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

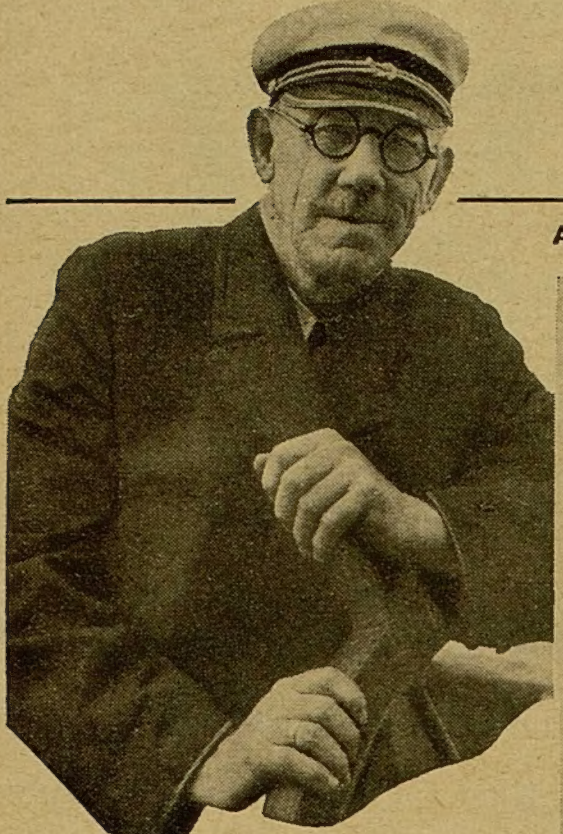
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER

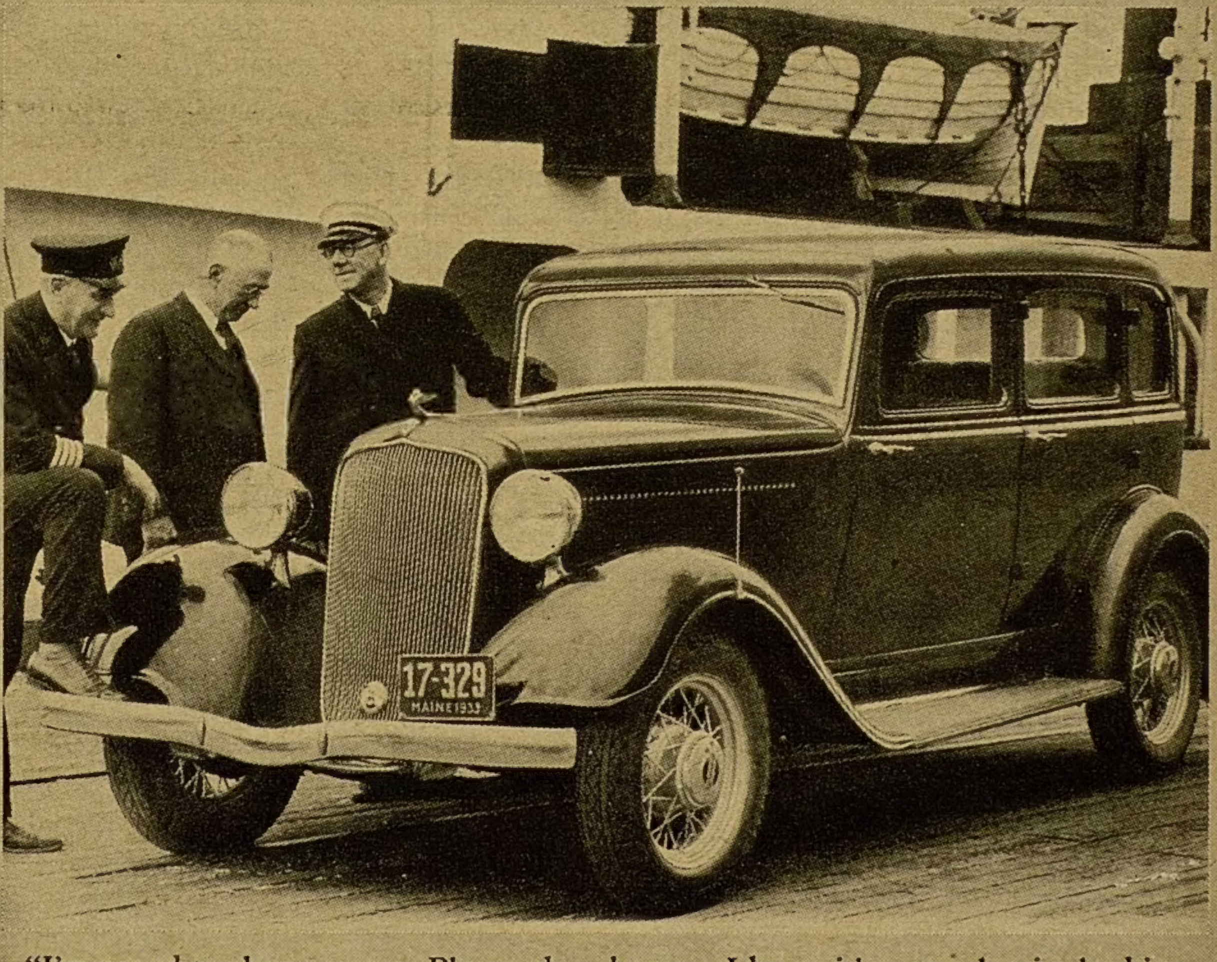
"I WOULDN'T DRIVE A CAR WITHOUT *Hydraulic Brakes!"*

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH CAPT. FRANK DOUGHTY, 91 VESPER ST., PORTLAND, ME.



"The dealer took off the wheel . . . showed me why brake pressure is always equal."

"The brake drums on a DeLuxe Plymouth make linings last at least twice as long."



"I'm proud to show my new Plymouth . . . because I know it's not only trim-looking and shipshape, but as sturdy and dependable as my own ship down underneath."

Look at the Difference in Braking—when you "look at All Three"

"Out at sea, a man has room to maneuver out of trouble," says Captain Doughty. "On land . . . you have to be able to stop in your tracks when you want to!"

So hydraulic brakes win another friend. Because they "stop you on a dime." They are self-equalizing. They are smooth and cushiony and always sure.

No other low-priced car offers you hydraulic brakes. No other offers the combination of Floating Power engine mountings, safety-steel bodies, rigid-X double-drop frame.

In short . . . no other low-priced car gives you the balance of comfort, safety, style and performance that you get in Plymouth . . . and you have only to "look at all three" to find this out. Do that . . . before you buy . . . and you'll get bigger value.

$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

Standard Models: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: two-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; convertible coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. All prices F. O. B. factory, Detroit, and are subject to change without notice. Convenient terms.

SEE PLYMOUTH AT CHRYSLER MOTORS BLDG., CHICAGO CENTURY OF PROGRESS

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER

AUGUST 5, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 31

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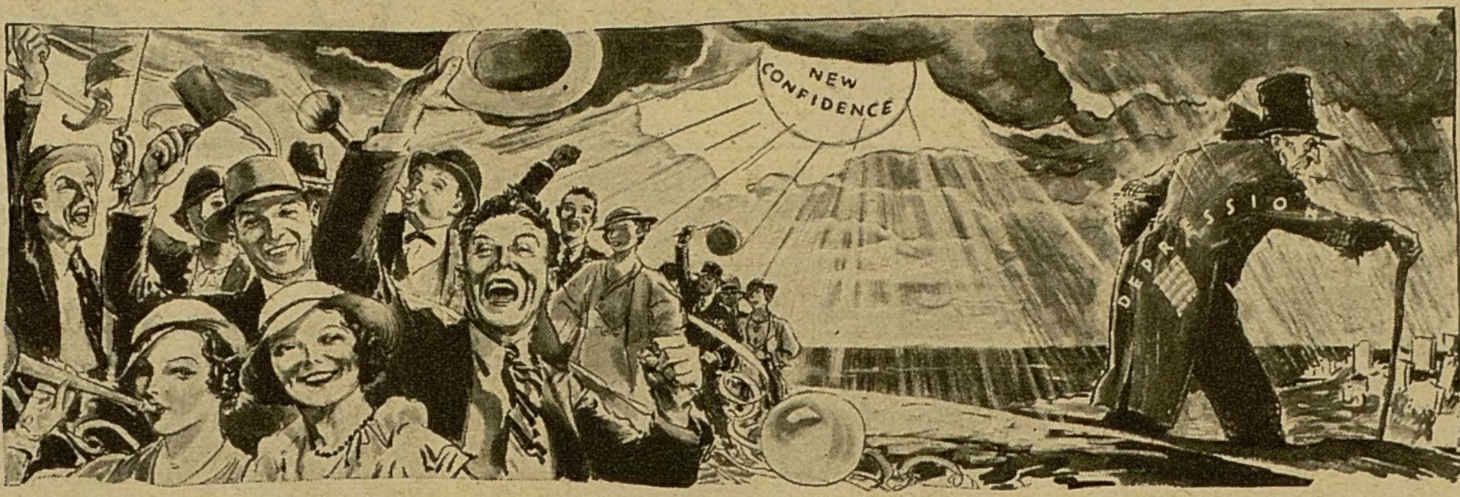

THE DEPRESSION IS STAGGERING

HURRAH for President Roosevelt!

Hurrah for Senator Wagner—the author of the National Recovery Bill! Hurrah for all the hard-working statesmen in Washington who have dealt the demoralizing depression such smothering blows.

And save a hurrah or two for the work of the National Recovery Crusade. We recently called our readers' attention to the constructive activities of this organization. The workers in this association are still hard at work, and the most amazing results have already been accomplished.

Elmira, New York, the first city to have had the attention of this organization, maintains that the attitude of their citizens has been altered to such an extent that it almost seems as if a miracle has been performed. Business of every character in that city has reported changes for the better.

Pessimism has been replaced by optimism, and what was accomplished in Elmira can be duplicated throughout the nation. Send forth pæans of praise.

Old Man Depression is moving swiftly toward the cemetery. We can all help him on his way to oblivion.

So do your part, dear reader—and then some!

Fear is the dangling skeleton that has often scared us into feverish tremors. But this bugaboo is fast disappearing.

Confidence is returning; it is overflowing in the hearts and minds of great numbers of our people. In a few months we have changed a situation that bordered on desperation to one of hopefulness allied at times to cheery optimism.

When the World War was ended, Armistice Day was acclaimed with joyous abandon. People everywhere were thrilled and elated with exaltation. They were drunk with joy—literally a crowd of genial maniacs, happy and carefree, expressing themselves with reckless abandon. Strangers—men and women—hugged and kissed each other. Mad crowds joined in the jubilation of rapturous indulgence. Conventional etiquette was forgotten.

What a thrilling jollification we had on that great day!

And it is about time for another such merrymaking.

All of us, everywhere, have admitted that the depression was a real war—a war that brought us business stagnation, unemployment, hunger, suffering, etc.

Everywhere it has been maintained that this war was far worse than the World War.

And if this be true, let us set the day to celebrate our splendid victory.

The war on the depression is almost won. It will be maintained in many sections of our country that victory complete in every detail is already ours.

But let us not be premature. There must be no mistake.

And it is our contention that a celebration should be inaugurated throughout the entire nation, and that we should commemorate this auspicious occasion with the same hilarious unrestraint and make this great event as thrilling as when the whole world went mad in commemorating the end of the World War.

The war brought us by depression was more terrible. It doubtless cost this country more lives, far more suffering than the World War, and the end ought to be commemorated with a flaming jollification.

Join in this demand for a great national celebration. Let us all drain deep of the joyousness of this great occasion.

After nearly four years of doubt, anxiety, suffering, can anything be more thrilling than the announcement that Old Man Depression has really been buried?

No liquor should be required on that occasion, for we should be intoxicated with happiness—the delightful character of such news should make us all drunk with joy.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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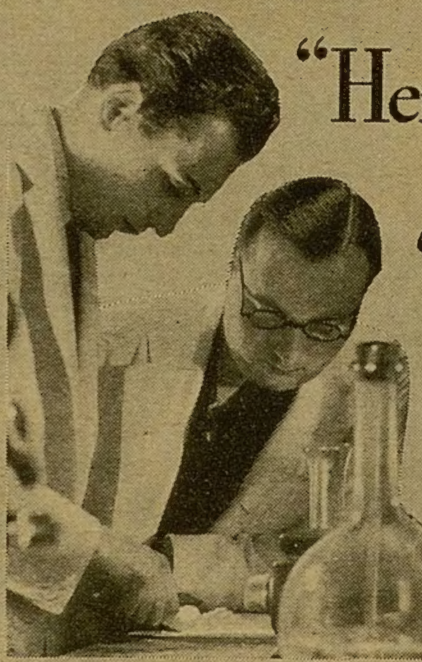
"I wonder WHY this soap actually makes my skin younger-looking?"
"I don't know why... but we've all been using it for years because it does..."

JOAN BENNETT

Lovely Fox star. Scientists now tell her *why* this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping her skin young-looking.



"Here's WHY, Miss Bennett!"

SCIENTISTS NOW EXPLAIN...

"This soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it *youthful...*"

MARIAN NIXON

Fascinating Fox star who is one of 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses who use this beauty soap.

THINK OF IT! Scientists find this beauty soap actually contains precious elements skin itself has—and *must* have to stay youthful!

Here's news of vital importance to every woman who ever has said: "I *wish* I could keep my skin radiant, *young-looking.*"

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Nature puts certain precious elements in every type of skin. Youthful skin is rich in them. But, as the years go by, these elements are gradually lost, making skin dull . . . old-looking.

But here is good news: Scientists now say, you can *check the loss* of these precious elements!

Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility, *and its content of precious elements*, is a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, they declare.

No wonder screen stars are so devoted to this fragrant, white soap. 686 out of 694 important Hollywood actresses use it. And it's *official* in all the big film studios.

A Lovelier You

Why don't *you* let this scientific care keep *your* skin exquisite? Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—start today to use it—and watch your skin grow lovelier.

"No wonder the stars like this soap..."

...says Miss Barbara Foltz, of Indianapolis, Ind. "I read the enthusiastic praise that Hollywood stars give Lux Toilet Soap. So I tried it. Now I just wouldn't use any other."

LUX
TOILET SOAP
TO

For EVERY Type of Skin *...dry...oily..."in-between"*— — BEGIN TODAY!

He thinks she serves it JUST *because he loves it . . .*

BUT HIS WIFE HAS ANOTHER REASON, TOO—THE EXTRA BENEFITS IT GIVES HIM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Post's BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
READY TO EAT
Deliciously flavored with Malt Syrup and Salt
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 8 OUNCES

HOW GOOD IT TASTES!—POST'S BRAN FLAKES. WITH THE BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS—TO HELP KEEP YOU REGULAR!

Of course men love this delicious cereal! But wise wives serve Post's Bran Flakes because it acts as a safe, simple precaution against constipation resulting from lack of bulk in the diet. An often unsuspected condition which may lead to ill temper, lassitude, poor health, long before you suspect the cause.

A gentle, effective regulator

For years, Post's Bran Flakes has been professionally recommended as a protection against this trouble. For it provides the necessary bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps easily and safely to insure the regular, *normal* elimination of food wastes from the body. And, in addition, Post's Bran Flakes is rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B.

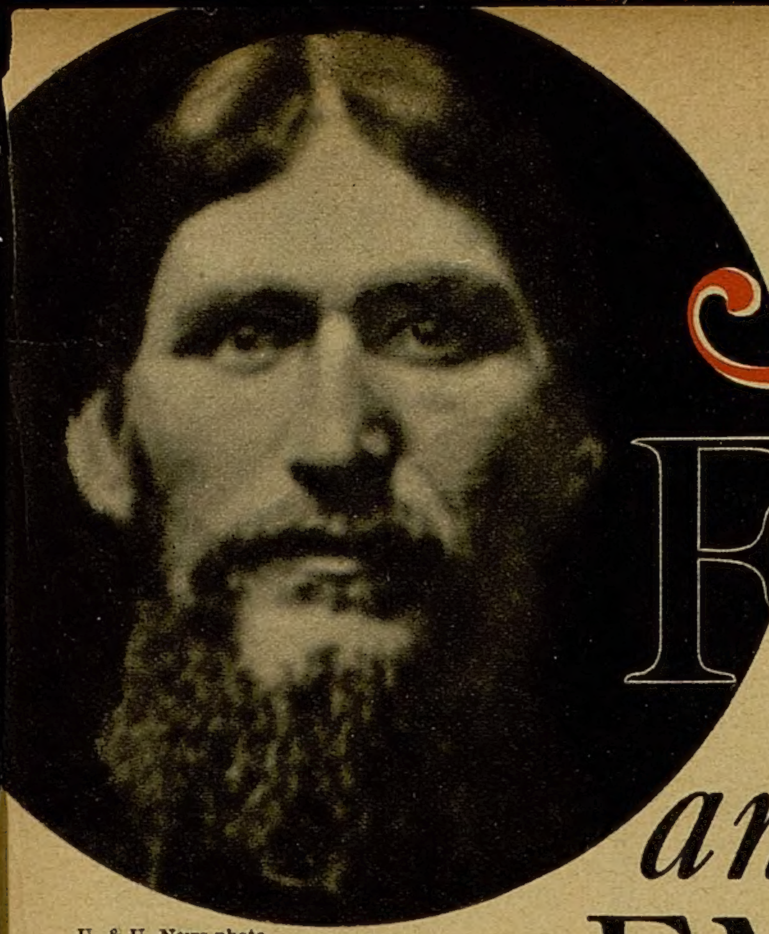
That is why it belongs in this proven program: Regular exercise every day . . . water to drink between meals . . . fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet. And every morning a generous helping of crisp, deliciously flavored Post's Bran Flakes.

Try it for two weeks

So start serving Post's Bran Flakes now—*today*. Try it for two weeks and see how easily it helps to keep you *regular* and fit! You will love it! . . . served plain, or with fruits or berries. It is a product of General Foods.

Visit the General Foods Exhibit, a Century of Progress, Chicago (through October), and see the Post's Bran Flakes Display.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT



U. & U. News photo

Rasputin at the height of his power and influence as confessor and soothsayer of the Russian royal family.

My Father and THE EMPRESS

Brown Bros. photo

The unhappy Czarina, Rasputin's devout patroness, from the last portrait photograph made of her.

Here Is an Entirely NEW Picture of the Czarina's Famed Confessor, Given to the Readers of Liberty by His Daughter

MARIA RASPUTIN

as told to

DORA MILLER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 35 seconds.)

A DEVIL, a mad monk, a debauchee, a charlatan, a traitor—those are some of the names which the world calls my father, Grigori Efimovich Rasputin.

To me he was a holy man, a saint.

A saint is one who gives himself freely to others, who generously shares his earthly belongings and helps to build the kingdom of God on earth. Such a man was my father.

Few men have wielded greater power. A peasant, the son of a drayman, he rose to be the mightiest man in the mightiest empire on earth. The court was at his feet. The Emperor and the Empress looked to him for guidance and inspiration.

Unspoiled, he went his way, serving his Emperor and his God. Hailed as a miracle worker, flattered and coddled by beautiful women, worshiped by men, he remained a simple peasant. He accepted the favors of the great with simple humility.

My mother could neither read nor write. I was taught the accomplishments which she lacked. But I was brought up in the most primitive manner among the most humble surroundings. Then, suddenly, at the behest of the Empress, I was whisked from my lowly hut to the imperial court. I danced with grand dukes and princes until one of them pulled the trigger of the revolver that killed my father!

Then came a time when I was shunned as if I were a victim of the plague. Only the Empress was still kind to me. Poor, dear woman! She and her empire were swept away in the bloody cataclysm of war and revolution. Today I find myself a circus rider in Paris, attempting to eke out a living by mimicking a sleigh ride in a Russian winter, wearing a jeweled tiara and white ermine furs.

I was not merely my father's daughter; I was also, in a sense, his friend.

Grigori Rasputin was truly a man of God. He was God-endowed with a great sense of pity and the miraculous gift of healing with his touch. He exercised this gift freely, giving alike to the ordinary muzhik and to the Emperor's son. The rich showered him with gifts. He treated gold as if it were so much dust, and jewels as if they were so many baubles.

Grigori Rasputin never had any money—not a sou, not a kopeck. He gave everything to the poor, to the first person who asked for it.

"It is trash. Take it if you can use it," he said.

He refused to carry any money with him. He never had money enough to pay a droshky fare. The fare was paid by whoever happened to be with him, or by the person whom he was going to see, or the droshky driver was only too glad to take him anywhere in return for his blessing. He knew Christ carried no money and he wanted to be like Christ.

You must remember, too, that he was a Siberian peasant, a muzhik from one of those little out-of-the-world communities where everything is conducted by barter—where, often, no money is seen from one year's end to the next. He didn't understand money and didn't like it. His religious beliefs made him opposed to owning property of any sort. He owned nothing but his black cassock. This was well known among those who really knew him in St. Petersburg.

It is very beautiful in Pokrovsk, Siberia, where we lived. It is warm and serene, and the earth and the sky are both very wide. My father loved that country. There are brooks and flowers and birds, and the rich earth free for the taking. Everybody is rich, although nobody has any money. There is snow in winter, yes; but we like the snow, which is like a soft white blanket to keep the houses warm, and it is never very cold, and the spring soon comes.

My mother and my two brothers still live there. My mother is now eighty years old. She loved my father, and he loved her, although he had to leave her for many years because, he said, God called him, and he had to go on his Father's business. He wrote my mother often while he was away, and she answered him, giving him good advice. He always listened to her advice. She taught him many things, though she could neither read nor write.

She was much older than my father. She was forty-one years old and he was twenty-one when they were married. That, of course, was long before he became a monk. They had four children, two boys and two girls. I was the older girl.

My father loved my mother deeply in spite of the difference of years. He went often on the long journey to see her, and he wrote her hundreds of letters. Only a month before they killed him he wrote to her and his children a strange letter, which I now have. In that letter he prophesied that the hour of his own death was very near, and that a bloody terror would come upon Russia.

He was a mystic. Russia was always the land of mysticism. There were thousands of mystics before the revolution. There are thousands now, whole mystic communities, the men in which spend practically all their time in what they call " a search for God." Grigori, my father, always called himself " a pilgrim in search of God."

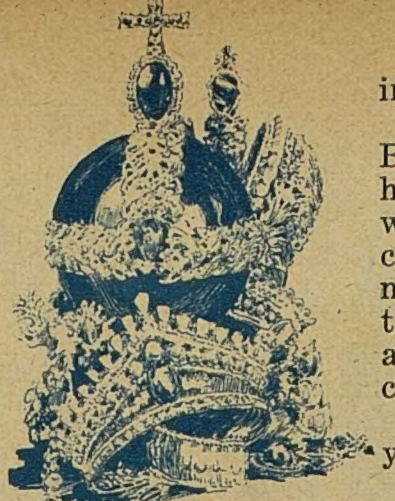
He was known as a holy man even before his marriage, especially because of his power—or at least his reputed power—to cure diseases with his touch.

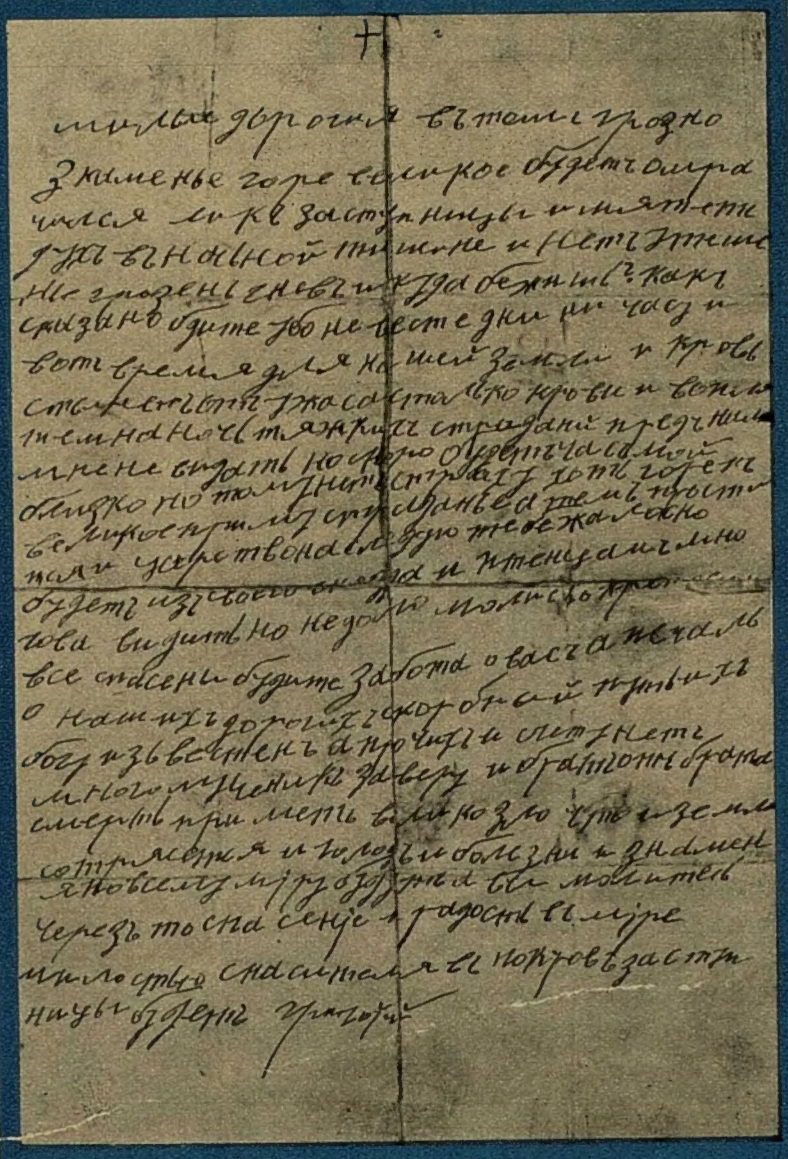
And he *was* a holy man, all his life.

Holiness does not imply complete withdrawal from the world. A saint, in spite of the emphasis placed upon the frailties of the flesh by the Western church, does not necessarily eschew temptation. There has always been in pagan and Christian philosophy a school which maintained that to thwart this tyranny of the flesh we must satiate and appease the cravings which rankle within us like thorns.

SUCH, at least, is the teaching of the Khlysty, a cult to which my father and other holy men belonged. Something of the same doctrine appears in the secret writings of the Jews known as the cabala. Nor is this doctrine in contradiction of modern psychology.

My mother's dowry of lands and buildings and flocks enabled Rasputin to follow the dictates of his soul and to explore the real meaning of things. My mother, Paraskovia, was not only a rich woman but a very wise and religious one. She encouraged her young husband to read and write. She equipped him with horses and food and sent him on his journeys to visit various holy men in communities within five hundred miles.





RASPUTIN'S LAST LETTER TO MARIA, PROPHESYING THE REVOLUTION AND HIS OWN DEATH. BELOW IS A TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR ONES,

Under this terrible sign lie great misfortunes for the future. The face of Our Lady of Resurrection is veiled, there is no help to look forward to. . . . Terrible is the wrath! . . . Where shall we fly? As is said in the Scripture: "In an hour that ye know not, the Son of man cometh"; and now your own hour is come. The blood will not even have time to congeal with terror . . . . How much blood. . . . What wailing! The night is dark with the suffering that is before us. I shall not see it, my hour is very near, but although it is bitter, I do not fear it, I shall take the suffering upon myself and so gain the Eternal Kingdom. It will be hard for you and your brood, you will see them often but not very long. Pray and be strong in your affliction and you will be saved! Their anxiety and their grief-filled voices are known to God; for the rest I do not pray!! It is impossible to number all the others. There will be many martyrs for the Faith and "brother will receive death from his brother."

The evil will be so great that the earth will tremble with it and with famine and sickness, and miraculous signs will appear throughout the world.

Pray to God, prayer brings salvation and joy to the world, by the clemency of Our Lord we shall obtain the protection of Our Lady of Intercession!

GRIGORI

He spent most of his time reading the Bible and in religious discussion—in fact, he did practically nothing else—while his wife looked after the farm and bore his children. He lived for two years in a monastery as an acolyte, but he decided that God was not there, only the devil and much uncleanness, and he put his curse upon the place when he left it.

Finally, when he was about thirty years old the search for God led my father to St. Petersburg. He became known there within a short time for his wisdom, for his poverty, and for his cures of the sick. He was credited with many cures closely resembling miracles, for which he refused to accept thanks. He even asked the persons he cured not to mention the matter; but the news got abroad nevertheless. He was besieged by sick people asking him to cure them.

MY father became friendly with a brother holy man, a monk who had risen to be an intimate of the Grand Duke Nicholas. The Grand Duke introduced my father to the Czar. Czar Nicholas was, as is well known, mystically religious, a thorough believer in dreams and portents and soothsayers. He was distracted at the time both by revolutionary movements which threatened his realm, if not his life, and by the dangerous illness of his son, the Czarevitch, whom physicians and holy men from all over the world had tried in vain to cure. He brought Rasputin in to see the boy. The child, who had been bleeding, neurasthenic, sleepless, seemed better immediately, and fell into a sound sleep.

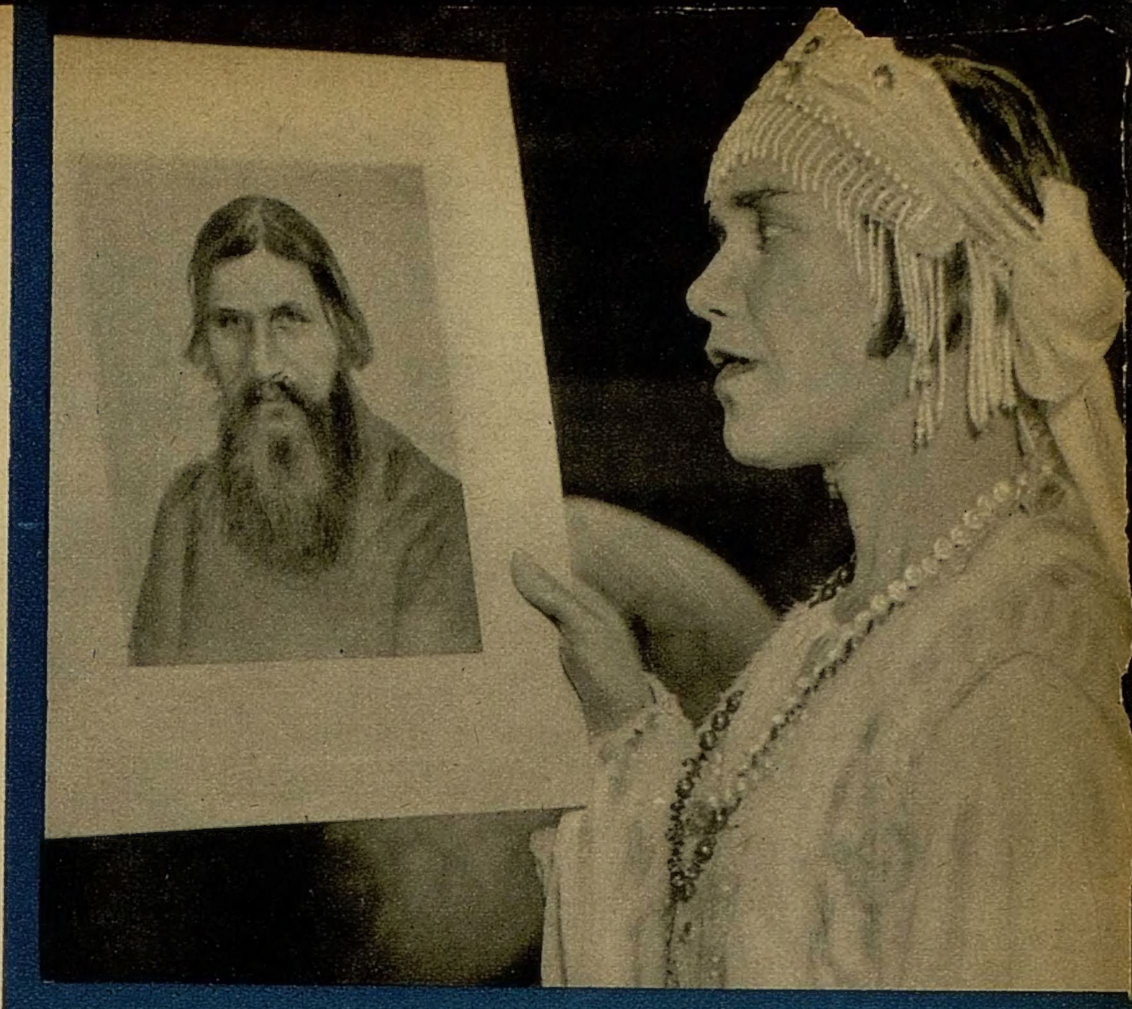
The Czar wept for joy, and the Czarina, weeping also, knelt and kissed Rasputin's hand. " Truly you are a man sent by God! " she said. " From this time on I am your slave! "

Every day Rasputin came to see the boy, and every day after his visit the boy seemed better. Emperor and Empress, overwhelmed with gratitude, wanted to take away my father's coarse black, even dirty, monk's robes, dress him in fine raiment, and shower him with riches and honor, but the young holy man would have none of all that.

It is not true, however, that he was dirty most of the time. He often visited the baths. But at other times he kept his finger nails untrimmed and his beard unkempt because he believed, as did many medieval monkish saints, in mortifying the flesh.

The Empress wished to give him a palace. My father resisted. He was satisfied with a bed of straw. But after some months he accepted the use of a small inexpensive apartment not far from the magnificent Winter Palace, so that he could be near the boy and near the Czar. He became the Czar's confidential holy man, his soothsayer in all the affairs of the empire.

Some time after he had accepted the apartment my father, in response to the urgings of the Emperor and Empress that they be allowed to do something for him, thought of another thing they could do. He would like to bring his family to St. Petersburg, so that he could live with them and his children could go to school. My mother, however, now approaching her sixtieth year, distrusted St. Petersburg. She preferred to stay in tranquil Siberian Pokrovsk. Besides, who would look after the farm?



MARIA RASPUTIN WITH A PORTRAIT OF HER FATHER.

A compromise was reached. My two brothers remained with mother to take care of the farm, while the two girls were brought to father's apartment in St. Petersburg. The old family servant, Katja, came with us. We had a governess also to look after us, and were taught at home intensively for ten hours a day, until we were prepared to enter a private school. This was in 1909, when I was twelve years old and my sister ten.

We did not like it. We were little savages, little muzhik barbarians. We had been free all our lives to run and play and do as we pleased, and the discipline nearly killed us. Everybody was kind to us because of our father, but for a long time, for months and months, we cried every night after we had gone to bed because we wanted to go back to Siberia. Our father was stern and we knew nothing. We were far behind the St. Petersburg girls of our age. Even after we entered the school we had to take lessons from our governess both morning and evening.

Both Saturday and Sunday we had to go to church for all day long. And we were not allowed to talk—that was the hardest of all, to sit there and sit there and not say a word! Then there were the fasts. Our father was always fasting. He fasted oftener than most holy men. That was why he was always so thin, nothing but skin and bones. Often on special saints' days we had to fast too, and for seven whole weeks before Easter we had nothing but a little dried fish and thin cabbage soup. Sometimes Katja stole food and gave it to us, but not often, for she feared our father. Everybody feared him. For three years it was like that.

The time came, however, when we little peasant girls from Siberia were considered fit to be presented to the Czar and Czarina and the royal children.

Our father himself took us to the palace by way of the secret passage that connected our apartment with the living quarters of the royal family. The Czarina and her little daughters the Grand Duchesses were waiting for us. She greeted us with a kindly smile and we kissed her hand respectfully. She sat down and asked us to do the same, and I was surprised to discover that I was very much at ease.

BUT my sister Varia and I were two naïve little muzhiks, and I laugh now when I recall my first words to the Czarina. I had been so impressed by the immensity of the palace that I said:

"You must have many servants in this big place!"

The Czarina laughed and said, "Yes, I have a great many."

"How many?" I persisted. In Pokrovsk anyone who had even two servants was a very great person. When the Czarina replied that there were too many servants in the palace to count, I knew then that she was a very, *very* great lady.

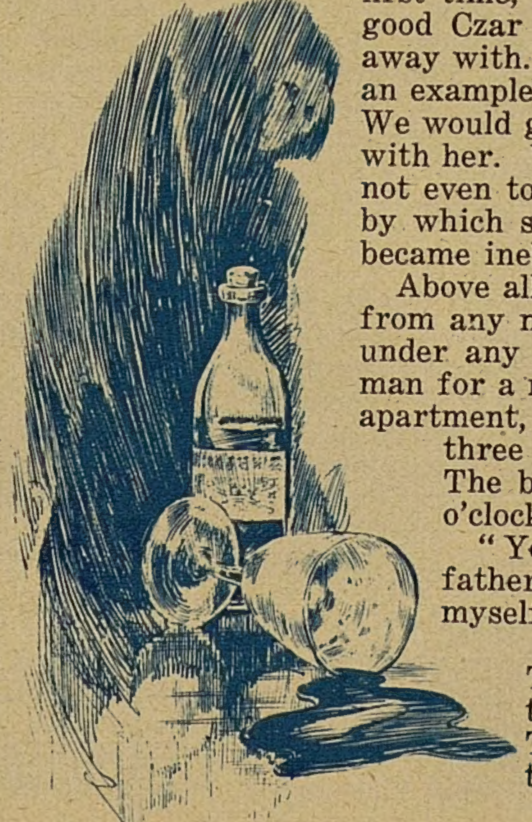
The Grand Duchesses asked Varia and me how old we were, and what we did all the time. We were soon chatting with them as easily as we did with the girls at school.

It was a short visit but a lovely one, and after it Varia and I were much more contented. We were brought over to the palace almost every day to play with the children. But they were sickly and their eyes were sad. They hadn't the least idea how to play. They seemed like little old women.

I realize now that their unnatural ways were probably due to the general fear and suspicion that pervaded the palace. The Czar himself felt that some silent and mysterious evil that would strike in the dark lay in wait for him everywhere, and it was only natural that his family should reflect that feeling. The only time they ever felt safe was when my father was with them.

A GREAT occasion to which we girls looked forward was our first court ball. We were allowed to go in the spring of 1914. I was now seventeen years old, my sister fifteen. My father called us into the bare little room where, with his secretary, he received his daylong stream of visitors, and talked to us long and earnestly about this ball.

He told us that, as his children, we must be above suspicion. We had been carefully guarded, carefully instructed. The court, which we were now to see for the first time, was full of vileness, which even the good Czar and Czarina had been unable to do away with. It was for us, his daughters, to set an example of good taste and modest demeanor. We would go with our governess and come home with her. We were not to touch a drop of wine, not even to suck sugar squares dipped in wine, by which sly method many ladies of the court became inebriated.



Above all, we were to permit no familiarities from any man, nor were we to allow ourselves under any circumstances to be alone with any man for a moment. We were to be back in the apartment, accompanied by our governess, by three o'clock in the morning. I protested. The ball would not be half over by three o'clock.

"You will be here at three o'clock," my father sternly insisted. "I will be here myself to receive you."

Oh, how marvelous was that ball! The great splendid rooms, the lights, the music, and the young officers! The young officers, yes, and old ones too, in their splendid uniforms. How they clustered around my sister and me, flattered us, begged us for dances, kissed our hands and sighed! My sister was small and shy, but I was a big girl, full grown and full of life! I was the belle of the ball. I say it modestly, for it was because I was Rasputin's daughter. I was not beautiful nor witty. I was just a peasant then, as I am still.

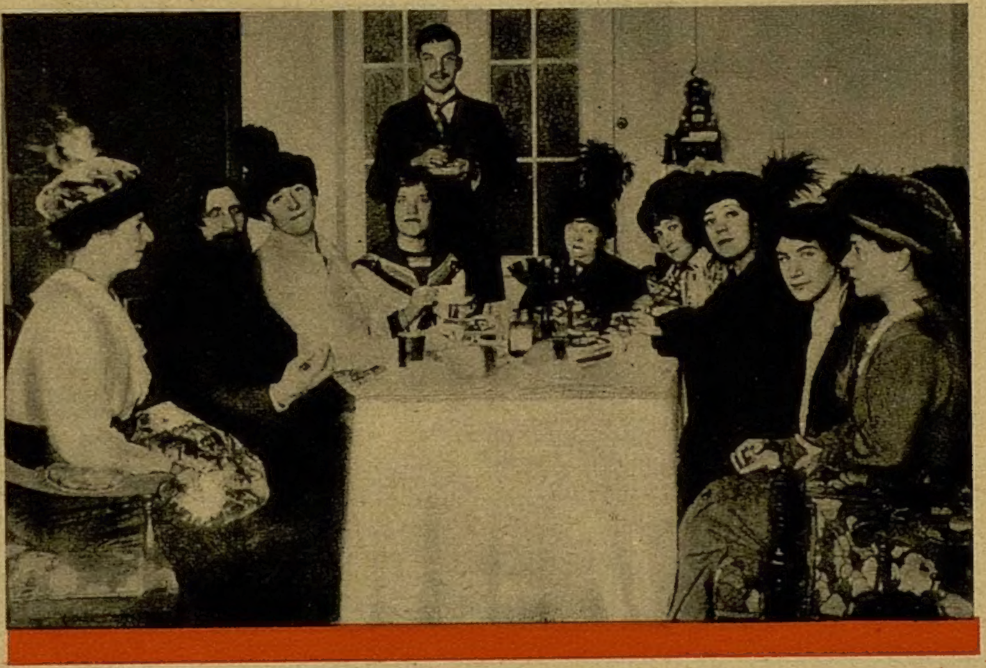
I so arranged it that Varia and I lost our chaperoning governess and started for home about half past two o'clock, each in a private carriage in the company of a dazzling young officer and no one else. We went early so that we would have time for a ride before going home. I arranged with my sister that we should meet at the front doorway of the apartment house promptly at three. Whoever got there first would wait for the other. Then we would go in together with a concocted story about the missing governess.

I, however, was more than half an hour late. As the young officer handed me out of the carriage Rasputin rushed from the door, his black robes waving as he shook his clenched fists over his head. The officer leaped back into his carriage and drove away as if the devil were after him. My father seized me by the hair.

He led me inside and upstairs, still holding me by the hair. I screamed at the top of my voice, while he kept calling out, "So you disobey me! You betray me! You are no better than all the other sluts of the court!"

He took a heavy cane and beat me. It was the first time he ever beat me and the last. He beat me as hard as he could, but he was never very strong. He was always weak—in spite of his big bones—from much fasting. He frightened me even more than he hurt me, and I screamed as if I were dying. He did not hurt me a great deal really. Just the same, I couldn't sit down comfortably for a week afterward. I did not blame him much, and I was willing to pay for my first kisses from a young man. I have even forgotten his name!

From time to time vague rumors about my father got to us, but we didn't understand just what the trouble was because we lived such a sheltered life. But Katja and the governess used to whisper together behind our backs.



The real Rasputin, toward the end of his life, at tea with some of his reverers from court circles.

There was talk because my father went to a gypsy cabaret called Villa Rode. He never went alone but always with a group of his followers. The proprietor would give them a private room in which they could hear clearly the lovely gypsy singing. This kind of music seemed to increase my father's clairvoyant powers and he would often turn suddenly to some person at the table and tell him of what he was thinking.

AGAIN, to the accompaniment of the music he would grow serious, even melancholy, and tell them about the beauties of Pokrovsk, and about his horses there. He would hold up his rough, horny hands and tell them that their horniness came from hard work. In the midst of the gayety going on outside he would urge those with him to live more simply, more humbly, so that God might come nearer to them.

Yet these visits to the Villa Rode were called drunken orgies!

There were pleasant times nevertheless for all of us until the outbreak of the World War. Rasputin was invited everywhere. On the rare occasions when he accepted an invitation he usually took us, or at least me, with him. He softened in his religious observances during this period and became more friendly, although he was still known as the man who never smiled. I, if strictly chaperoned, led the life of a most popular member of the gayest court in the world. I received an average of one offer of marriage a week, not counting repetitions, by letter, by intermediary, and by personal plea. My father allowed me to receive a choice few of my suitors in our apartment.

My callers were permitted to remain half an hour, not a minute longer or Rasputin would stride sternly into the room and order them away.

Most of them were young men who wanted to be received at court, or whose families wanted to be received. I do not think that more than one or two of them really cared anything about me, although one of them, as I proved later, really did, and I married him after my father's death. He continued to care for me after my father was dead and I was practically an outcast.

I was dazzled by all those fine young men and officers, most of them with titles, but my father told me to wait until I was sure I loved some man who really loved me, and I waited, for I thought he was right.

MY father, though much moved by women, did not seek affairs. He was not a roué in monk's clothing. When women came to see him he always left the door open, and I have seen with my own eyes the shameful behavior of some of them. They would look into his eyes and say they loved him and try to put their arms about his neck. Why, he had only to snap his fingers and he could have had women by the score! But I have seen him put them away from him, tell them to go in peace.

He never claimed for himself the divinity that others claimed for him. He never claimed to be anything but a man, with a man's frailties. Even if he had succumbed to the charms of some of the beautiful women who besieged him, it would not have been, as I have shown, against his religious teachings or beliefs.

If the muzhik holy man had many enemies before the war began—people who hated him because he would not further their schemes, or because of envy—he gained many more as the fighting went on along the eastern front. One fact stood out plainly in our household: The two strongest parties hated him. He was called a pacifist because he advised against any inroads by Russian troops into the territory of neighboring nations. He was said to be a pro-German and under the influence of the German-born Czarina. This was because he said that Russians should not hate the whole German people but try to understand them.

He was even accused of being a German spy. The militarists swore vengeance against him. On the other hand, the chief pacifist party, the revolutionists, hated him because he opposed any changes in the government. Both militarists and revolutionists decided he must be put out of the way. As most informed persons of the court, including himself, realized, it was only a question of which party would strike first. It was not difficult for him to prophesy his death.

Among the few real intimates of his apartment were Prince Youssoupoff and Grand Duke Dmitri. Dmitri, brother of the Grand Duchess Marie, author of The Education of a Princess and Education in Exile, later played in a melodrama called The Death of Rasputin, produced in Berlin. He was an authority on that subject, although not so great an authority perhaps as Prince Youssoupoff, credited with doing the actual killing.

Here is the conception that all the world has had of Rasputin—a diabolic satyr in priestly robes. He is, of course, personated by Lionel Barrymore in the film, Rasputin and the Empress, and the hapless princess is Diana Wynyard. Compare this with the picture on the opposite page, in which the camera credits Rasputin himself with such saintliness as his daughter claims for him. Which picture does his character justice?

I remember Prince Youssoupoff very well. He was often with us for luncheon, for tea, for dinner. He and my father used the intimate "thou" in speaking to each other. I have even heard him call my father "master" and himself my father's "disciple." Many men of the aristocracy did that, even, at times, the Czar.

Youssoupoff belonged to the mildly revolutionary party, and he and my father were forever talking politics, always in a perfectly friendly way. He now lives here in Paris, a Russian refugee like myself. I have not seen him since those days. If I should see him now, I would not kill him. I must think of my children as well as of myself. But I should like, just once, to tear his face with my nails!

It was Prince Youssoupoff's music that endeared him most to my father. The prince could sing such beautiful gypsy songs and accompany himself on a guitar. How many times I have heard my father say to him, "Oh, do play something—something gay. I love to hear you sing!" If it hadn't been for that music . . .

Prince Youssoupoff came to the apartment about eleven o'clock on the night my father was killed. The old servant Katja was awake, and answered the door. She was reassured when she saw Youssoupoff. Rasputin came to meet the young man, and Youssoupoff kissed him three times in greeting. Katja remembered those three kisses because it was usual to kiss only once on meeting. My father called to her that he was going out with the Prince but that he would be back soon after midnight.

At four o'clock in the morning Katja waked me to tell me that Rasputin had not returned.

"Something has happened to the master!" she said.

I thought the old servant was unduly alarmed.

"We must wait till morning. We can do nothing now," I said, trying to quiet her. "But you will see. He will return any minute now."

My father had at times stayed out that late and I felt sure he would return. I tossed restlessly in bed, waiting for the sound of his footsteps. But that sound never came. At eight o'clock I was filled with dreadful alarm.

"Now we must find him!" I declared.

I first telephoned to Prince Youssoupoff.

"I know nothing about him," he insisted.

Then I called the palace and the Czarina herself assured me that the police would be instantly notified. She got in touch with the Czar, who was on the battle front. The Czar set out immediately for St. Petersburg.

At two o'clock that afternoon a member of the secret police asked for me. He held out a pair of worn overshoes. "Do you recognize these?" he asked.

"They are my father's," I whispered, trembling.

The man went away. Half an hour later the Minister of the Interior called me on the telephone.

"I know you are strong and brave," he said, "and so I am going to tell you that your father is dead. You and your sister are to go at once with me to the palace."

Only the Czar and Czarina and their children were present with us at the funeral. We stood there, a sad little group, taking our last look at him who to each of us had been a saint. He was buried secretly in the royal park on the outskirts of St. Petersburg.

Later we were told how his body had been discovered. He had been bound hand and foot and thrown into the Neva where the current was so swift that it carried him down under the ice. A corner of his black robe had caught on the ice and had frozen there. His ankles were still tied when they found him, but he had got his hands free. The marks of the rope were on his wrists. His right hand was raised and frozen in the sign of the cross.

The actual murder, we were told, occurred in a basement room of the house of Prince Youssoupoff.

All unsuspecting—and why not?—my father had gone with him. When several glasses of poisoned wine did not kill, Prince Youssoupoff and his friends used a revolver. I often wonder what my father's feelings were at that moment when he saw who the traitor was.

My sister and I remained at the apartment until March because Varia had not yet finished her schooling. We saw the Empress almost every day. She and the Czar paid our living expenses, the Czar saying, "With every power I have I will try to replace your father."

Then the revolution broke out and we went to our mother in Pokrovsk. We stayed there until the fall, then returned to St. Petersburg for the opening of Varia's school. As for myself, I was returning to be married.

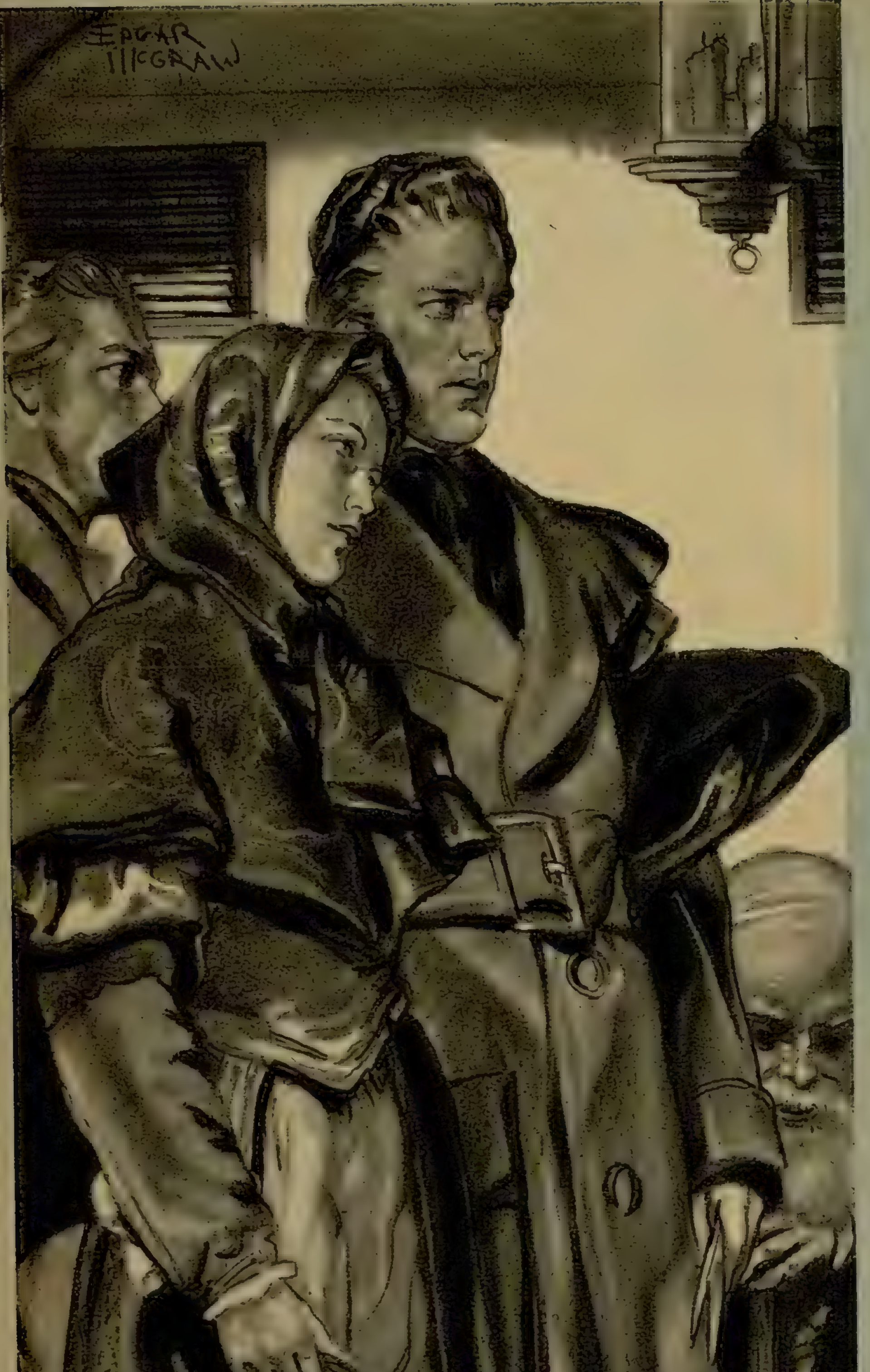
Poor Varia was poisoned by the Bolsheviks in 1924. Even my mother, so far away and so contented with her farm, was not let alone. The Bolsheviks sent her several thousand versts from the old home, and the last I heard from her she was very sad and lonely.

And so am I. For my husband died of tuberculosis in 1926 in Paris and I am finding it difficult to support my two little girls who are in a French boarding school.

After my husband's death I joined a traveling circus in Berlin as one of the "girls" in a dancing ensemble. It was all I could do, never having been trained to earn my living. I live frugally and simply at a small hotel in an unheated room. All my money goes to the support of the children. My friends are unable to help me because, though once wealthy aristocrats of Russia, they are now poor refugees like myself in Paris.

I shall probably never see my mother or brothers again, since to return to my beloved country would almost certainly mean death. And there are those here who need me.

THE END



From Munich to Switzerland they had to travel in disguise, in poor clothes.

The Ber

A Tale of Young Love in Paris, and a Princess Who Had No Regrets

(Reading time: 32 minutes 29 seconds.)

AS Joseph Nathaniel Hargreaves, Jr., entered the Paris office of the New York Star you would never have suspected that his heart was full of the bitterness of love. He looked an utter stranger to that celebrated disturbance, for his hair was neatly brushed, his face clean, and his clothes as presentable as could have been expected on a salary of five hundred francs a week. There was nothing in his disingenuous countenance to suggest the turmoil within him, and he was greeted very much as usual by the office boy and the secretary to the Chief. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and young Mr. Hargreaves was about to begin his day's work.

"Where's the Chief?" he asked, flopping into a chair before a desk piled with French newspapers.

"He's been in and out again," said the secretary, faintly reproving. "He has been marking things for you in the papers, and he'll be back soon."

Hargreaves applied himself firmly to the task of reading the morning papers, particularly those parts of them which had been marked in blue pencil by the Chief. Occasionally he would cut one of these bits out with a scissors and put it aside to be reperused at leisure. It seemed that there was more trouble between France and Germany, of the note-writing variety; an actress had lost some more pearls; a scientist had made a speech about the storm at sea. All in all, it was about as average a day as the Paris newspapers had offered since the arrival of young Hargreaves in their midst.

As he read the papers through and subjected them to the critical emphases of pencil and scissors, stray bits of his mind kept running away to other and less stereotyped affairs—to the enigmatic nature of Miss Lola Barclay, to the troublesome popularity of that young lady, and to the difficulty of buying flowers and dance music on five hundred francs a week. Although his appearance gave no hint of it, young Hargreaves' mood was very nearly savage. What was the use, he wondered, of wasting the best years of his life on a featherbrained young woman who treated him exactly like a dozen other of her slaves? None, he concluded with the rigid severity of twenty-one; none whatever.

Lola would go home in a month or two and "come out"—an enterprise for which she and her mother were now preparing by extensive purchases among the banditti of the Rue de la Paix. Once "out," she would proceed to forget Joseph Nathaniel Hargreaves, Jr., in the confusion of greater issues, and the devotion of so many summers in Maine and winter holidays in New York, not

By VINCENT SHEEAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

nini Waltz

to speak of the long agony of this past summer in Paris, would count for nothing.

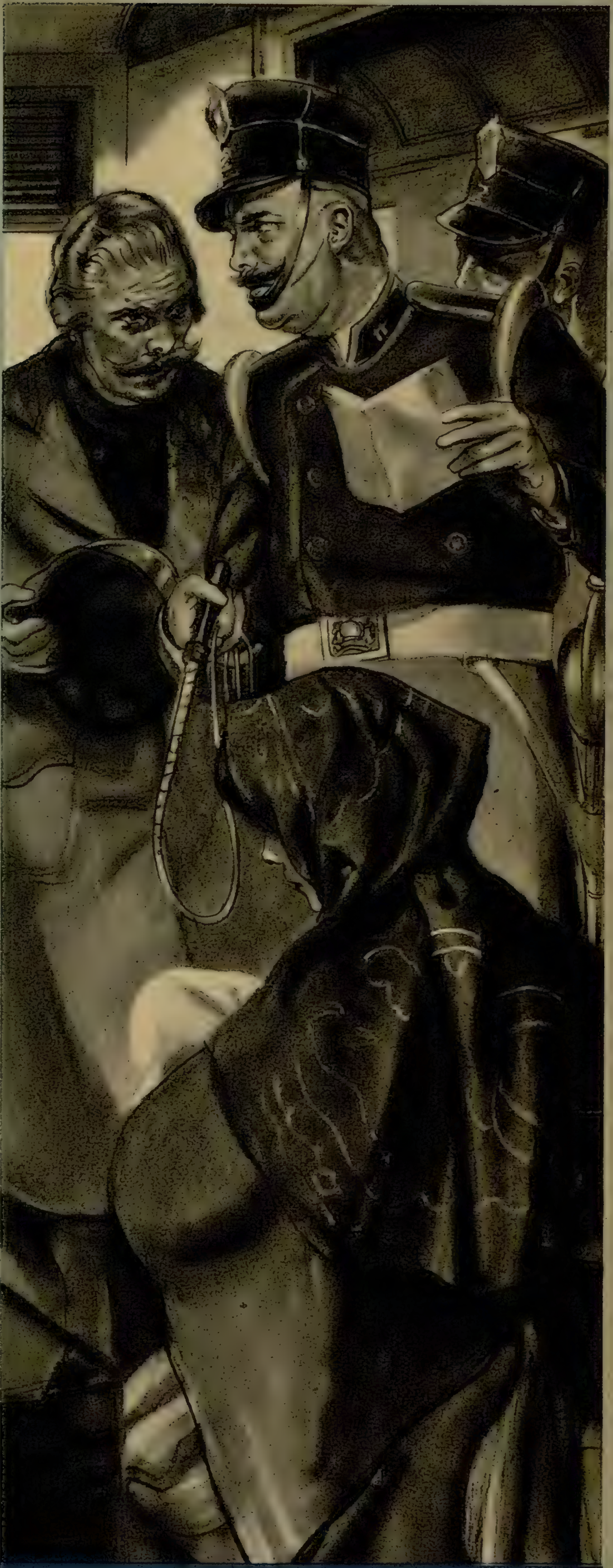
It was at moments like this, Hargreaves reflected with profound melancholy, that people forswore the world and entered monasteries. But even in a monastery there would be no safety from the pursuing magic of her smile, the ghost of her hair, and the phantom touch of her fingers in the dance. In short, Hargreaves was in an extremely bad way, and any solution of his troubles seemed impossible.

"Joe," she had said in so many words on the telephone that morning, "I've simply got to see somebody else once in a while. I'm going out tonight with Bill Reeves and some other people—it's a party—and if you get off early tomorrow evening you can come and have dinner with mother and me. We'll have a quiet evening. But tonight it just can't be done."

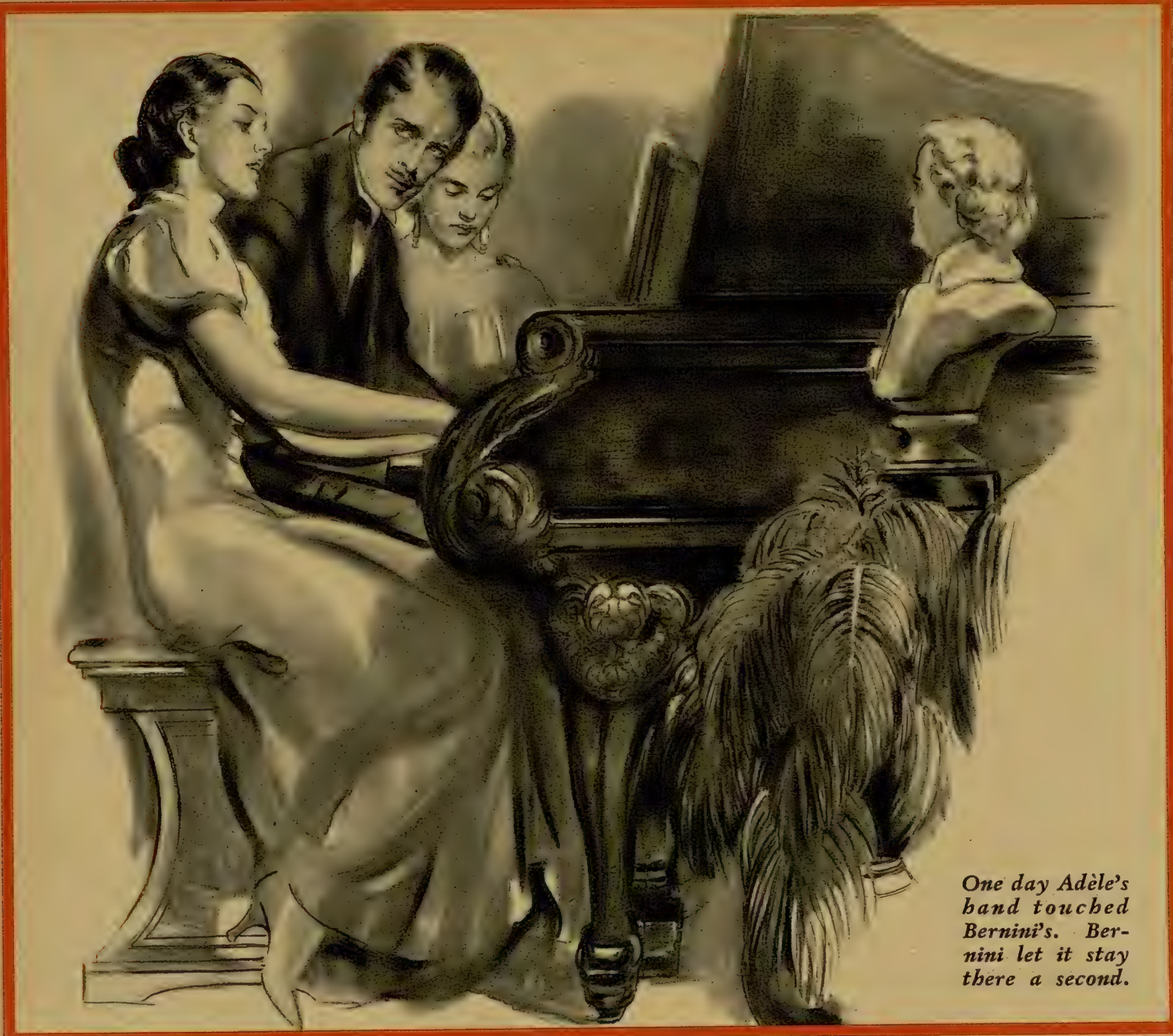
And that was it—with "Bill Reeves and some other people" she would have a party, while with Joe it would be a quiet evening under mother's wing. Bill Reeves would send her flowers, and take her to dinner at the Madrid, and dance her around all over the town. But Joe would be asked to dinner, and mother would pay the bill. Even on the rare occasions when his finances permitted Joe to demand the bill, Lola's mother always spoiled things for him.

"NOW, Joe," she would say in her most indulgent, kindly voice, "don't be foolish. I know exactly how much money you make. Your mother told me. I can't let you spend half a week's salary on my dinner. Wait till your ship comes in—really, I insist."

The woman simply did not understand that it would have been bliss to starve for a week to pay for Lola's dinner in a smart restaurant; and Lola—that exasperating divinity with shingled hair—was just as bad. The two of them made it almost as agonizing for Joe to see Lola as it was not to see her. Fiercely he wished that he could rob a bank or sandbag a millionaire, so as to assert his independence for just one evening. He would like to send her luscious adult flowers, worldly cosmopolitan blooms like orchids, or camellias, or even gardenias; something that would remove them definitely from the childhood into which Mrs. Barclay persisted in thrusting them. In the face of a violent orchid or glowing camellia even Mrs. Barclay would be afraid to say "Really, now, Joe," and they would step out in freedom to dine and dance for a whole evening in which Joe would be the master of their fates. With champagne, he reflected, and *pâté de foie gras* and hothouse pears.



They had their moments of extreme fright when their carriages were searched.



One day Adèle's hand touched Bernini's. Bernini let it stay there a second.

The prospect, so fair and so inaccessible, easily destroyed his enthusiasm for the rôle of cub reporter in a New York newspaper's Paris office. But he was already too used to the job to be capable of doing it badly; something kept him at it as usual, reading and marking and clipping with scissors, until the Chief came in.

“Hello, kid,” said the Chief grumpily. “See anything?”

The Chief was grim and squat and squint-eyed, with all the assumed cynicism and inner sentimentality of the seasoned newspaper correspondent. He had a genius for finding eager neophytes, like Hargreaves, who were glad to do most of the work of the office for the merest shadow of a salary. When this policy encountered any criticism, spoken or implied, he had a stock answer ready.

“Hell,” he would say succinctly, “what can a kid just out of college expect? I did the same thing for two or three years—we all did. He'll have his turn sometime, but this is my turn, and don't forget it.”

Hargreaves looked up from his papers at the Chief's entrance.

“I don't see much,” he said. “Another note from Germany, and the storm, and so on.”

“Didja look at that little piece I marked about Bernini, or whatever his name is?”

“I did,” said Hargreaves. “It says he's dying.”

“But it doesn't say how, or why, or anything else,” the Chief commented, leaning back in his swivel chair. “Listen to this: ‘One learns that the celebrated Bernini, who startled the chancelleries of Europe thirty years ago by his flight with the Princess Adèle of Glucksburg, is on the point of dying in a modest hostelry of the quarter of the Champs Elysées. One hears that the former princess is at his bedside.’ And that's all. Know anything about it?”

“No,” said Hargreaves. “I've never heard of either of them.”

“Well, it was a big scandal once,” said the Chief, lighting a cigarette. “The old girl eloped with him. He was a drawing teacher or a music teacher or something at one of the German courts. I don't remember much about it, except that the Kaiser raised hell and they tried to get the pair arrested. She was cracked, I suppose. You'd better hop out there and see what you can find. Maybe you can get something out of her. Got any money?”

“No,” said Hargreaves.

“Well, you'd better take a taxi to the Rue Matignon and try the hotels around the neighborhood. Here's fifty francs. Call me up if you don't get hold of anything before three or four this afternoon. If you do, come in with it.”

“O. K.,” said Hargreaves. “There's nothing here that I could use to read up on these people, I don't suppose?”

“Nope,” said the Chief. “It all happened long before the war, and it's been forgotten. You'll have to dig up what you can.”

“O. K.,” said Hargreaves again, and went out.

It was just his luck, he reflected gloomily, to have to spend a whole day digging up a musty scandal of the distant past. Meanwhile Lola would be driving about with Bill Reeves or somebody, lunching at Versailles, or Fontainebleau, or St. Cloud, forgetting him as thoroughly as he was unable to forget her. As his taxi whirled and tooted its perilous way through the traffic he was busy imagining a dozen different ways in which Lola might be spending her day, and none of them afforded comfort to his spirit. At last he reached the Rue Matignon, got out, and resigned himself to the inquiry which brought him there.

"Bernini? No, we have no such person," the hotel porters said with singular unanimity. One of them added with pride, "We have nobody but Americans staying in the hotel at present, monsieur."

The side streets off the Champs Elysées were filled with hotels, ranging from tiny *pensions* to great establishments *de luxe*, but in none of them, it appeared, was there a guest named Bernini. After about an hour and a half of this kind of exercise Hargreaves called a halt for lunch. And as he perched at the zinc bar of a corner café he glimpsed, over his sandwich and coffee, a little hotel—a barely perceptible hotel—around the corner in the Rue Matignon itself. This was one he had missed. He paid for his sketchy meal and made his way there.

"We have a Bernini, yes, monsieur," said the porter of the little hotel, inspecting Hargreaves with heavy suspicion. "In fact, we have two Berninis—M. Bernini and Mme. Bernini. M. Bernini is ill."

"That's the one I came to see," said Hargreaves, scarcely able to believe his luck.

"You are a doctor?" the porter asked doubtfully. "Mme. Bernini sees no one. And her husband is ill."

Hargreaves dropped ten of the fifty francs the Chief had given him into the convenient hand of the porter.

"I will see," said that dignitary hastily, pocketing the money. "I will see what can be done. You have a card, monsieur?"

The card was intrusted to a red-jacketed young man by the name of André, who presumably did all the work not performed by the majestic porter himself.

"You'd better go along with him," the porter advised. "Once you are upstairs you have a better chance of seeing madame. There were four or five people here yesterday, and she would receive nobody."

Thankful that he had pulled out the ten francs in time, Hargreaves followed André into a little lift and up to the fourth floor of the hotel. Here, to the left of the elevator, André tapped on a door, listened attentively, and finally stuck his head in. Entering the room with all the caution of an experienced burglar, the man beckoned to Hargreaves to follow him.

THE room was empty. Ranged on its walls and tables were many photographs; a great bowl of flowers stood beside some half-opened French windows over the hotel garden. André tiptoed across to another door, knocked, and went in. When he came back he looked a little frightened.

"Monsieur can wait," he said. "I don't know whether madame will see you or not. I gave your card to her maid."

To the expectant look in the man's eyes Hargreaves applied the solace of a five-franc piece. Luck, so far, was with him.

The man left the room and Hargreaves went to stand by the windows overlooking the garden. He was a good reporter and has since become a better one, but his thoughts were not on his work that day. As he looked out into the quiet closed garden he was thinking of Lola Barclay. For no reason he remembered the night, a month or more ago, when Mrs. Barclay had asked him to a party at one of the restaurants in the Bois. Lola was dressed in pale blue moonshine of some sort, and they had danced. He remembered now how they had danced to a certain tune—an old sentimental waltz it was—and, forgetting altogether where he stood at the moment, he began to hum the tune. Perhaps his feet moved a little, too. He was never able to remember afterward whether they did or not. But certainly he hummed—softly but definitely—the old tune to which they had danced that night in the Bois. He was recalled to himself by a rather sharp exclamation behind him.

"Monsieur!" a voice said. "What are you doing?"

Hargreaves turned around, crimson with embarrassment. A little old woman with white hair was standing in the middle of the room, holding his card in her fingers.

"Pardon, madame," he said. "I forgot where I was."

"Why do you sing that song?" the old lady asked slowly. "This is not the place for it."

Her eyes had softened amazingly as she looked at him. She had light-blue eyes, and must once have been an extreme blonde. She was neither beautiful nor particularly well dressed, but her whole manner, carriage and voice, suggested a distinction which Hargreaves was quick to feel. This, he knew at once, must be Princess Adèle of Glucksburg.

"I don't know why I sang," he said, acutely embarrassed. "It's just an old tune I danced to once. It came into my head."

The old lady's blue eyes grew even wider.

"Sit down," she said, staring at him. "Don't you even know what that song is? Don't you know the name of it?"

"No, madame," he said. "I'm sorry."

"That is strange," she said softly. "That is very strange. Why, then, should you be singing it just now?"

"I danced to it once with somebody—somebody I like very much," he blurted out.

"So," she said. "Somebody you like very much. That is to say, somebody you love. Well, it is that kind of song. Musical people don't think much of it, but lovers—Tell me, why are you here?"

"I CAME to inquire about M. Bernini," he said.

"Bernini is dying," she said.

There was a tranquil sadness in her voice which caused Hargreaves, even then, to wonder. It was the kind of philosophic sadness, resigned and tender, which amounts almost to happiness. He could not in the least understand that tone of voice; it made him even more uncomfortable than before.

"I hoped to see Mme. Bernini—the Princess Adèle," he stammered. "Those are my instructions."

"Princess Adèle sees no one," said the old lady. "I am the best friend she has, poor creature. Perhaps I will do. What did you want of her?"

"I am supposed to ask her—well, everything," he said. "Her story, and what has happened, and why M. Bernini is dying. You will see from my card that I am from an American newspaper."

"Adèle of Glucksburg has no particular reason to be fond of the American newspapers," the old lady said, her voice grown harsh again. But as her eyes dwelt on Hargreaves she relented. "In the old days," she went on, "there was nothing the American newspapers did not say about Adèle of Glucksburg. That was many years ago, and they have forgotten her by now, I suppose. You do not look very dangerous. You are young; you are in love."

To Hargreaves these statements appeared to have remarkably little connection. Unable to find anything to oppose to them, he remained silent and ill at ease. The old lady, pensive, slow-voiced, with a wisp of handkerchief held to the side of her face, continued to fix her eyes upon him as she talked.

"In fact," she said, "Bernini looked rather like you forty years ago. Or perhaps he didn't — perhaps it's merely the fact that you are young and in love—and that song. Adèle of Glucksburg has never addressed a word to a representative of the press in her entire life. But I suppose it doesn't matter much now—her life is so nearly over—I don't think she would mind my speaking to you. Everything has changed so much nowadays. What's she like, young man—your girl, I mean?"

Hargreaves began to think the old lady was indeed, as the Chief put it, cracked.

"I don't know," he said. "She's — well, she's very pretty. She's—well—nice."

"So," said the old lady, smiling. "Pretty and nice, and that is all? Never mind. It all comes to the same, whether you have words to say it or not. Everybody isn't a poet. Will you have some tea—or some coffee?"

Hargreaves was sure by now of two facts: first, that the lady before him was a little demented; and second, that he would never obtain a single fact from her that would interest the readers of the New York Star. In spite of these discouraging perceptions he rather liked the old body, with her inconsequent way of talking and her gentle, antique air.

"No, thank you, madame," he said. "I've just had lunch. I should like very much to have a word with the Princess Adèle. I'm supposed to, you know—it's my job."

"Adèle won't see you," said the old lady with decision. "You will have to take my word for that. What is it you want to know?"

"I'm afraid I don't know very much about her," he said. "Her marriage to Bernini took place—"

"Long before you were born," she interrupted. "Of course. But the same thing happened thousands of years ago, and will happen many times again. There's a sort of continuousness in these things, as you should know. As you will know when you get older. You know nothing about Adèle and Bernini?"

"Practically nothing," he admitted.

"Astonishing," she said. "Still, it is better to know nothing than to know the wrong things. I will tell you, and I don't quite know why. The song, perhaps. Adèle was born a princess of the house of Beckberg-Immenburg; her mother was a Hohenzollern, her grandmother a Hapsburg. I dare say all that means very little to you or to anybody else nowadays, but sixty years ago—"

"I know how important it must have been," said Hargreaves encouragingly. The old lady had fallen into a pensive silence from which it was his duty to arouse her.

"Important?" she resumed. "It was all-important. The human being didn't matter; only the name, the relations, the position. Adèle was married off at the age of seventeen to Prince Henry of Glucksburg, and was supposed to live happily ever after. Prince Henry was the heir to his father's throne. (It is all like something that happened in the Middle Ages.) At the court of Glucksburg there was an Italian music master named Bernini. He was brought from Italy by the old queen. It is this same Bernini who is dying now in the next room."

Hargreaves had written down names and facts, but his mind scarcely followed the pencil. He was busy wondering at the tone of voice in which these things were said—so tranquil and detached, as if the speaker had long since ceased to regard human affairs as having any prime importance. There was even a shade of amusement in her glance as she watched his scurrying pencil.

"Strange, isn't it?" she asked. "I suppose you can scarcely believe it. And yet it all happened; you will find it written down in books."

"HOW old were the princess and M. Bernini when they first met?" he asked.

"She was twenty-two and Bernini was twenty-nine," said the old lady. "She had been married five years—a marriage which was both loveless and childless. She was so completely stifled by the life she led that she didn't even know, poor creature, that she was unhappy—until Bernini came along, that is.

"Perhaps you don't know, young man from America, what life used to be like in the German provincial courts of half a century ago. Adèle used to get up at six; and from that hour until ten o'clock at night, when she went to bed, she had to follow a program as rigid and mechanical as the operation of one of your machines. She never did anything really useful or pleasant; it was all pure routine—receiving her ladies, visiting the old queen at a fixed hour on the other side of the palace; lunching in state at a fixed hour; visiting hospitals, driving in the park, opening a bazaar or a post office, reviewing a regiment—everything at a fixed hour in a fixed costume, like a living mummy. And she was so young! How old are you, young man from America?"

"Twenty-one," said Hargreaves, embarrassed at this most humiliating of questions. He even blushed—as he could tell by the hot feeling around the ears. The old lady smiled.

"Adèle was about that age when she met Bernini," she said. "You know, she couldn't have talked to him, even if it had occurred to her. She was supposed only to talk freely—if you could call it freely—to the members of her immediate family; it was impossible to persuade anybody of lesser rank to talk like a human being to a Royal Highness. Adèle had not one minute of the day she could honestly call her own, to do with as she pleased; and she was not permitted to vary the program in the slightest. The old queen, her mother-in-law, was pious, tyrannical, and ultracritical of everything around her. Even the occasional state visits to Berlin or Vienna were terrible; they consisted only of calling on relatives and having the calls returned. A pleasant life, no?"

THE old lady smiled with gentle, unaffected irony. Hargreaves, who had stopped taking notes, felt obliged to say something.

"It sounds terrible," he ventured. "Like a jail."

"Exactly," she pursued—"like a jail. The chief jailer was not her husband—he cared little enough one way or another, and spent most of his time away from Glucksburg, with his regiment. The chief jailer was Adèle's mother-in-law, and, oddly enough, it was the mother-in-law who provided the instrument of liberation.

"One day, during Adèle's morning visit, the old queen announced that she had just received from Italy a talented music master who was sent by her sister the archduchess. She talked as if the music master were a new horse or a box of candies. The man's name was Bernini, and he would be useful in teaching my sister-in-law's children their music, besides improving the rest of us. The old queen was fond of singing, and thought we might perhaps be able to arrange some religious part songs in the evenings with the help of this Italian."

"What was he like?" Hargreaves asked.

The old lady's eyes positively twinkled at him across the room.

"The fact is," she said, "that he was rather like a horse at first. That is, so far as Adèle and her family were concerned. Adèle looked at him when he was brought in just as if he had been a new property, a present. He was a tall brown man, brown of skin and eyes and hair, with the deferential manner common to all courts. For weeks she saw nothing in him but the Italian music teacher of her nieces—good, but no better than our own Germans; and handsome, but no more so than any footman.

"Then, one day, she decided to ask the Italian to play some Mozart duets with her in the hour between tea and dinner—the hour on her daily program which was reserved for music. Adèle liked playing duets, but her companion had hitherto been a clumsy lady in waiting who thumped the piano like a blacksmith. I don't know if you play piano duets, young man?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Hargreaves. "But I expect I've heard enough to know what you mean."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said the old lady. "The Italian was free at that hour of the day; he came obediently to Adèle's apartments, played the duets, and went away again, like the grocer's boy delivering eggs and lettuce. That's a simile I couldn't have thought of forty-five years ago."

Hargreaves resented the necessity of prodding her on with her story; her silences, into which she trailed off so frequently, were of the pensive, reminiscent variety; he felt sure she was reviewing events more complicated and incommunicable than any he was likely to hear that afternoon. But, after all, he had his job to do, and the Chief would be waiting at the office.

"Did the duets lead to—er—anything else?" he asked clumsily.

"No, not really," said the old lady. "At least not for a long time. Occasionally the Italian would point out an error—'If her Royal Highness permits'—or have a passage played over again; but generally he was silent and submissive. He never once stepped out of his rôle. For that matter, there was a lady in waiting always at hand, busily knitting while Adèle and Bernini played.

But in spite of the impersonal nature of these meetings they soon became the most important moments of the day to Adèle. She had no idea why; she thought, in fact, that it was devotion to music. From early in the morning until the hour of Bernini's arrival she looked forward to the meeting, hoped to play better than before, hoped that he would be satisfied with her progress. A sense of well-being came over her the moment he entered the room, and was intensified when they took their places side by side on the piano bench. And a sense of loss, of emptiness, succeeded upon his departure. Adèle was, in fact, in love. You understand how that could be—even though she didn't?"

"I do," said Hargreaves fervently. "I know exactly how that could be."

"I'm sure of it," said the old lady. "That's why I'm telling you all this. One day Adèle's left hand touched Bernini's right hand. Instead of pulling his hand away with an apology, Bernini let it stay there for a second. It was only a very brief moment, too brief to be perceived by the lady in waiting, but it sent a terrifying shock of delight through Adèle. She said nothing, and they went on with their duet. But that was the beginning of a long series of such things — touches of the hand, glances, never a word said; and the two of them were in torment. It never occurred to Bernini that anything more than these touches, these glances would be possible between the poor music teacher and the crown princess; while Adèle was too completely naïve to understand what had already happened to her. Then, one day, he brought her a song."

She got up from her chair and began to move restlessly about the room; for a moment she stood with her back to Hargreaves.

"Bernini thrust the song on the music rack in front of Adèle," said the old lady. "He whispered to her, so that the lady in waiting could not hear: 'I have composed this for you, Highness, and I do not want anybody else to know it or to learn it.' Adèle, suffocating with excitement, was silent. She knew that she ought to reprove the music teacher, but she could not.

"They sat down and he began to play the song. As he played he sang it for her, and she could feel his shoulder against hers when he had to play the accompaniment in the treble.

"IT was a song to some sentimental Italian words by a popular poet. It was in three-quarter time but not in the least like our German waltzes. It was a good deal slower, more sensuous. To Adèle it seemed that she had never heard a more heavenly melody in her life. She was unable to say a word to Bernini, but when he finished she tried to sing the song herself."

The old lady hummed a bar or two of melody; but so cracked and toneless was her voice, so faltering her breath, that Hargreaves made nothing out of it. He had risen when she left her chair, and stood politely against the wall, feeling a little miserable; he wished she would stop her effort to sing.

"Sit down, young man," she said, "sit down. There—I can't sing the tune now, but that was it. Adèle treasured it; kept the manuscript in the box where she had her girlhood diaries and her own few jewels—the ones she had owned before her marriage—locked up. After that, every day she would find time to play the song over to herself at least once, skimping on the hour for dressing or the hour for tea to be able to do so. Every day, when Bernini came, they would play and sing the waltz-song together. That was the only way they communicated their love, for they never said a word."

The old lady fell into silence, gazing at the floor. She was speechless for a long time, but Hargreaves was afraid to interrupt her. When she resumed at last he sighed with relief.

"One night Prince Henry came home," she said, "and found Adèle playing the song to herself and singing it. Perhaps he had suspected something—perhaps the lady in waiting had remarked something—although it had all been so innocent.

"'What's that you're singing?' the prince asked. 'An Italian song? Why do you sing such trash? What is it?'

"ADÈLE was terrified. The song had come to be for her a whole secret life which she led apart from the rest of the world. In the song alone she was happy. The intrusion of her husband on this secret life seemed intolerable.

"'It's just a little song I practice sometimes,' she said, folding it up.

"'Give it to me,' he said, and pulled it from her fingers. 'A fine song,' he sneered. 'Dreams of Love, eh? Well, well. Something from that rascally Italian my mother brought here, eh? Well, well. That'll be the end of that. You can find some good German songs to sing if you must sing; and I think we've had enough of the little Italian music man, too. I'll speak to my mother and see if she can't send him back where he belongs. Unless she'd rather see him in jail.'

"With that he tore the sheet of music into bits, stuck the pieces in his pocket, and went out of the room."

The old lady had achieved an extraordinary animation; now, sinking back into her chair again, she grew quieter. If Hargreaves had had any doubt that this was the Princess Adèle herself in front of him, this vehemence would have dispelled it.

"For a while Adèle was paralyzed," the old lady went on. "She was unable to move or to think. The whole humiliating episode had taken place at ten at night, just as she was about to retire, with two ladies in waiting standing in attendance, staring vacantly.

"At last she got up and dismissed her ladies. When she went into her bedroom she found her own maid, the only friend she had in Glucksburg, a peasant from her father's estate in Prussia.

"'Mariechen,' she said, 'you know where the Italian music teacher's room is? You will take him a note and wait for an answer, and tell nobody. Be very careful not to be seen near his room by anybody. While I am writing the note put out some plain dark clothes for me. We are going traveling.'

"The maid did as she was told. Adèle, trembling with terror and excitement, sat down and scribbled a note to

NEXT WEEK—

Why Civilization Will Not Crash

By ALBERT EINSTEIN

The most eminent living scientist makes known his whole-hearted optimism concerning mankind

Roosevelt Keeps His Word

By JAY FRANKLIN

•

A check-up on the New Dealer's campaign promises and his progress in fulfilling them.

Also stories and articles by

Viña Delmar—Beatrice Grimshaw—Carlyle R. Robinson—Georgei Beloff and H. Bedford-Jones —Diana Bourbon—Carl H. Foss—Anna Roosevelt Dall and others

Bernini. It said simply—without beginning or end: 'He has destroyed our song and will have you arrested or sent away in the morning. If you love me you will be in the lilac garden to the left of the main entrance in half an hour. Bring only what is easiest to carry.'

"Adèle behaved that night as if some superior will had taken possession of her. Until she had seen her husband tear the song into bits she had not even realized that she loved Bernini; now she knew, and her course was simple. She dressed in dark traveling clothes and packed a small bag with necessities. Into this she put the few jewels she had owned as a girl. She had no money—had scarcely ever seen any money up to that time—but she had a vague idea that money would be necessary, so she asked the faithful Mariechen to bring all she had. Then the two of them let themselves out on to the balcony of Adèle's bedroom and jumped into a flower bed.

"Bernini was waiting at the appointed place. At first he protested, but in another minute he had taken her in his arms, and his protests were forgotten. Mariechen led them around to the back of the left wing of the palace, where there was a small entrance used by the servants and laxly guarded. They slipped through this gate and were free."

"It must have been difficult for them to get away from Germany," said Hargreaves, prodding again.

"Difficult but possible," said the old lady. "Adèle of Glucksburg can never forget that flight. They took a night train to Munich; that part was easy, because her flight was not yet known. By the time it was discovered she was already safe in hiding with some Italian friends of Bernini in Munich. But from Munich on to Switzerland they had to travel in disguise, in poor clothes, in third-class carriages and on local trains, with the passports of some Italian friends; for by this time all the police of Europe were looking for them. Often, even with all these precautions, they had moments of extreme fright when their third-class carriages were searched. Honest Mariechen had been left behind in Munich.

"When they reached Zurich they went to separate hotels. Adèle telegraphed to her husband, her father, and her father-in-law, explaining what she had done and demanding a divorce.

"WELL—you who work for a newspaper can imagine what an uproar there was. Hitherto the censorship had prevented any mention of the escape of the crown princess from getting into print. Now it was impossible to keep it secret, at least outside of Germany. The German emperor, the Austrian emperor, and all of Adèle's relatives took a hand in it. They said she was insane; demanded her extradition from the Swiss Republic. But the Swiss refused to give her up. She remained quietly in her hotel room for a week, and at the end of that time she passed openly and freely under her own name into Italy. When her relatives saw that she was determined, they yielded; she was divorced quickly and silently by the Prussian courts, and two months after her flight she was married to Bernini in Florence."

Hargreaves breathed deep with satisfaction. Even if he had taken no notes, he could remember this forever.

"Did—did the Princess Adèle have any resources, madame?" he asked. "Or did Bernini? What did they live on?"

The old lady smiled at him almost brilliantly. Hargreaves could not understand. After all, Bernini was dying in the next room.

"On the song," she said—"on their song. Adèle's jewels did not last long, Bernini could find no work, and he proposed that they publish their song. It appealed to Adèle's sense of fitness to do so, and the song swept the world. The income from it was large for several years, and even today it is still played sometimes. Bernini composed other things in after years, but nothing which compared in success to their song."

She rose, and Hargreaves saw that he was dismissed.

"You were singing their song yourself when I came in," she said. "That is why I have talked to you. You can say that Adèle of Glucksburg and Bernini have been very happy for thirty-five years. They have nothing whatever to regret. He is dying now, but she is not unhappy. It is only a very temporary separation. You can say that, young man—and you can tell your young lady that it is true. There is no sadness in Adèle's story, not even now. She has had a good life."

THE old lady was still smiling at him, kindly and enigmatically. He had a dozen other questions to ask her but he did not dare. As he took her hand to bow over it, a withered old woman stuck her head into the room.

"Please, Highness!" she said in German.

"Sh! Mariechen!" said the old lady, glancing hurriedly at Hargreaves. Then, smiling again, she said to him:

"Do not forget the song. It is all that is left now of something well worth remembering. Good-by."

She turned and left him there, hurrying with light step toward the next room. Hargreaves went out. . . .

"Well, did you get anything?" the Chief asked when he reached the office.

"Yes," said Hargreaves hesitantly. "There was a friend of hers there who told me some stuff."

The Chief grunted.

"It's a dull day," he said. "Let it run as long as you think it should. If it's no good we can cut it."

"O. K.," said Hargreaves.

As he pounded the typewriter the picture of Lola Barclay kept intruding itself upon the picture of a German court of forty years ago. The whole thing was inextricably mixed up in his mind, and he felt a certain solemnity in it. Perhaps, as the old lady had said, there was a continuousness to these things. Perhaps the old lady, instead of being insane, had only been the sanest of her generation.

"Hm-m-m," the Chief grunted after he had read Hargreaves' story. "There won't be a dry eye in the house. Better ring up the hotel and see if this bird is dead. When he dies, put the story on the cables and go to lunch. And don't forget to make out an expense account for those fifty francs I gave you."

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

E	V	R	H	C	N	H	T	N	G	I	E
D	E	S	E	R	E	R	E	E	T	H	N
I	V	I	S	R	F	E	E	E	T	E	E
R	D	I	N	I	O	I	N	N	I	E	T
E	N	E	I	S	N	N	L	A	Y	A	A
F	A	D	T	U	M	I	R	P	L	R	H
U	O	S	R	T	T	T	S	O	T	O	T
S	T	U	O	H	E	A	C	F	S	R	S
E	D	P	P	H	S	F	D	H	I	Y	I
E	T	T	A	M	Y ★	O ●	N	E	H	S	I
R	R	I	T	I	R	E	H	E	U	N	L
E	D	B	S	H	A	O	F	T	P	U	B

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.

Start at the ● Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

When Hargreaves came into the office the next morning the Chief was already there.

"They liked that piece of yours in New York," he remarked out of the corner of his mouth. "The whole cable desk probably burst into loud sobs. Anyway, they wired congratulations on it. How much you getting now, kid?"

"Five hundred a week," said Hargreaves. He knew that the Chief knew exactly what he was getting, but this periodic inquiry was a tradition in the office.

"I think we can let you have an extra five hundred bonus on that piece," said the Chief, reaching for an order blank.

Hargreaves stared at the white blank with its scribbled legend. Five hundred francs—twenty whole dollars. There would be no "quiet evening with mother" for him and Lola tonight. He could send flowers—two orchids or three camellias—and they could dine in a place where there was music, and they would dance many times, for they were young, and the princess had said that these things were continuous, renewable. There were things he could tell Lola tonight that he could not have told her yesterday. Five hundred francs went a long way in Paris. There would be enough to give the orchestra something so that they would play the old waltz of forty years ago—the Bernini waltz.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who are the Dukhobors?

2—When was the East India Company chartered?

3—Who discovered Cuba?

4—What famous pianist became a premier?

5—Who was the first United States Secretary of War?

6—What are terminal moraines?

7—From what does the state of Nevada take its name?

8—Who was Pomona?

9—What was the Sublime Porte?

10—What is the meaning of the phrase *Sturm und Drang?*

11—Who was the composer of the opera Lohengrin?

12—Who commanded the Spanish fleet against Admiral Dewey at the Battle of Manila Bay?

13—What is the name of the capital of Monaco?

14—What cities composed the Hanseatic League?

15—What is peonage?

16—Who is David Jayne Hill?

17—What is the North Pacific Fisheries Treaty?

18—What is the meaning of the word giallar?

19—How high is Bunker Hill Monument?

20—Who painted the Blue Boy?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

A SANDWICH TO YOU-BUT A stain TO YOUR TEETH!

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

PERHAPS, like many women, you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy . . . even after brushing.

Here's why! The things you eat and drink leave *seven kinds* of stains on teeth. And *all* are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

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Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

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Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—lustrous!

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.

25¢
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

A Look into the Heart of the World's Greatest Clown, Through the Eyes of One Who Was His Aide for Sixteen Years

The PRIVATE Charlie

By
CARLYLE R. ROBINSON

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

SIXTEEN years as Charlie Chaplin's press agent, working with him day and night, playing with him, living with him, companioning him on his travels, have qualified Mr. Robinson to dispel the mists of legend and gossip and to disclose the man himself.

In Liberty last week he vehemently denied the old wartime charge that the world-famous clown was a slacker. He gave a humorous glimpse into Charlie's acquaintance with Clare Sheridan, and a touching one of his memories of his long-lost dream girl, Hetty Kelly. He told the inside story of a sensational Hollywood "kidnaping" that agitated Charlie. Then he told how, in 1921, with all in readiness to film a new picture, Charlie abruptly slipped away to revisit his native land, and was royally received at Southampton and riotously, overwhelmingly welcomed in London at the railway station. There the crowd seized him and "chaired" him to a taxi. Its driver, without instructions, took him to the Ritz.

D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks sign the United Artists Corporation pact.

Part Two—Enter Lita Grey

AGAIN a cheering mob swarmed about Chaplin as the cab came to a stop at the Ritz. Again the home-coming celebrity had to muster all his courage to face another crowd. How he ever managed to extricate himself from their clutches I have never understood. But finally he was in his suite, the street outside was cleared, the roar subsided, and he was free to devote himself to his friends.

It had been a great home-coming.

He declared he wanted no luncheon, but insisted that everyone else eat. Then he stole away through a rear entrance and started out to see his London alone. Within ten minutes he was the center of another mob of idolaters and with difficulty was rescued by the police.

Meanwhile at the Ritz I was taking a bird's-eye view of the mountain of mail which had already arrived for Chaplin. He had every opportunity to bask in the smiles of alluring femininity had he so desired. His correspondence included perfumed missives from scores of admirers of the opposite sex. But he would have ignored these letters even if they had been brought to his attention.

Invitations to tea and for week-ends poured in. None of them interested him. He was too eager to visit the haunts of his childhood and music-hall days.

After dinner he expressed a desire to "take a ride." Four of us crowded into a taxicab. Charlie gave his instructions to the driver in a whisper. Presently we found ourselves in the East End.

He pointed to a tall brick dwelling, one of a row. We looked up at the top floor where the slanting roof formed what was undoubtedly the attic.

"That's the room where I lived as a boy," said Charlie. "How I would love to go into it once again! I wonder if it is still the same."

I suggested we go and see. So up the staircase the four of us went. Somebody lit a match to help me find the door on the top landing. I knocked.

After a brief wait a woman's voice answered.

"I am with Charlie Chaplin, who once lived here," I said. "May we come in?"

"You'll have to wait till I get on me pinafore."

When she opened the door we entered a small room lighted by an oil lamp. We had to stoop as we moved about to avoid bumping our heads against the slanting ceiling. At one end of the room was a fireplace. On the hob beside it, an iron kettle. A bed was pushed against the wall, and there were two straight-backed chairs, their cane seats worn through, and a chest containing dishes and a few old books.

Our hostess apologized for the humble surroundings. She was a Mrs. Reynolds; her husband had been killed in the war. She did not have to tell us she was destitute. Here was the veritable abode of destitution. The selfsame squalor

Charlie's farewell to Pola Negri in Berlin. Pola is in the center, smiling; Charlie, at the right with a cane.

LIFE OF Chaplin

Charlie in The Idle Class, in one of his experiments as a Beau Brummell of the screen.

All photos © Kathlyn Hayden

that Charlie had known in that very room. What an echo of the past!

Hers was no sob story, however. She brought forth a tin box and produced some papers.

"This is my husband's war record," she said. Then she handed Charlie a second document. "But *that* is what he valued most—a letter from his Majesty the King."

Charlie pretended to read the letter, but I knew his eyes were blinded with tears. Geraghty was reaching for his handkerchief. There was not light enough where Crisp stood to show his face. I know my cheeks were wet.

Now Mrs. Reynolds wanted to make tea for us. But Charlie protested. She was plainly disappointed, but she was too much the perfect hostess to press the point. Instead she took the documents back from Charlie and reverently replaced them in the tin box.

AS she did so Chaplin whispered to us to look for a knot hole in a corner of the floor. We looked but there was no hole. Charlie grinned.

"It must have been plugged up," he whispered. "But Sid and I used to lie on our stomachs there and take turns at peeking at the woman underneath as she went to bed!"

Tears and laughter—the old Chaplin formula!

As we took our departure Mrs. Reynolds begged us to call again. Charlie extended his hand. The old lady carefully wiped hers on her pinafore. As their hands met I heard the faint crackle of a bank note.

We made our way down the rickety stairs to the street.

"Well, boys," said Charlie, "we've been in the room where Sid and I were separated from our mother."

Nobody spoke. We were all slobbering.

In the ensuing days Chaplin enjoyed himself to the full. Yet it was with relief I learned that he had decided to cut short his stay in London. Now, after all these years, I can reveal the fact that at that time there was undercurrent in England a strong feeling against Chaplin—on the part of men who had served their king and

Charlie and the members of his company in Casey's Court. He is seated, in the second row, fourth from the right.

country in France. Many threats had come. As in the United States, the threateners did not know what Chaplin had done for the Allied cause. Some of the writers made it plain they wanted only an opportunity to do him physical injury.

Charlie's mother, Mrs. Hannah Harley Chaplin, as she appeared in her last years, in California.

The little fellow was on holiday. It seemed to me the part of wisdom to withhold from him all knowledge of these letters. At any rate I did.

A quiet evening concluded this visit to London. Just a little group of friends congregated in the suite. Charlie clowned for them. He was never in higher spirits—or funnier.

A few hours later we were off to Berlin, boarding the small Channel steamer at Folkestone. There was no crowd awaiting us at the Hook of Holland, and then the train crew, Germans, never seemed to have heard of Charlie Chaplin. Throughout the war none of his films had entered Germany.

It was early evening when we rolled into the station at Berlin. Again there were no welcoming throngs. Charlie expressed gratification that this should be so.

I had made no reservations at the Hotel Adlon. In the United States, when you are acting as pilot for a Charlie Chaplin, reservations are unnecessary. Not so in Germany. The clerk at the desk regretted in perfect English that he could not accommodate us. Just as I started to tell Charlie we would have to seek shelter elsewhere, Karl von Wiegand, the newspaper correspondent, stepped up to us. At last somebody had recognized Chaplin!

He insisted on placing his suite in the hotel at our disposal, and hurried off in search of the proprietor, Herr Adlon. Before we had finished washing our hands in came a full dozen managers and undermanagers, headed by Herr Adlon in person! Their combined apologies almost floored Charlie with embarrassment.

Five minutes later we were ensconced in what had been, before the revolution, the imperial suite.

Throughout the evening we wandered about the streets. At length we dined in an obscure little café. Charlie was becoming more and more fidgety. I knew the symptoms. He wanted to get into a crowd—even as an unimportant part of it.

A taxicab driver drove us to one of the most fashionable night clubs. Two liveried flunkeys opened the door of our taxi. The men and women who were flocking into the house were immaculately turned out in full evening dress. Charlie and I were wearing the clothes in which we had left London!

A POMPOUS lackey confronted us at the door. He was distinctly supercilious as he led the way through the enormous main room, Charlie and I following meekly. The revelers paid no attention to us as the major-domo conducted us to a little table in a remote corner. There was only one chair. Charlie slumped down on to it. Then a waiter brought a second chair for me.

My heart bled for Charlie. The best known man in the world—shoved into a corner!

But again recognition. A voice rang out: "Charlie! Charlie!"

From the dance floor, literally running toward us, came Al Kaufman, Berlin representative of Paramount. Straight through the indignant dancers he plowed his way. And then Chaplin was recognized in another corner. The band were waving at him and grinning!—a group of American doughboys who had remained behind after the Armistice and were making their living as jazz players.

Charlie, with Lita Grey's mother, signs the contract making Lita his leading lady.

The pompous one reappeared. Now he was mine host plus. Superciliousness had given place to obsequiousness. We must move to the most conspicuous table in the room. Kaufman was excitedly introducing Charlie to Pola Negri.

MISS NEGRI murmured that she knew the name! It was sun-clear she hadn't an idea of the honor that was hers. As for Charlie, he was equally ignorant of Pola Negri's status as an artist. He had seen her in one German-made picture that had found its way to Hollywood.

From the outset it was evident enough that Charlie was tremendously interested. She was certainly beautiful. Yet she knew not one word of English, nor Charlie one of German. However, Kaufman, acting as interpreter, got the couple over the language hurdle.

In spite of the handicap Pola and Charlie got along famously. After all, they were artists. Knew how to convey—delicately and provocatively—thoughts with their eyes!

For a week they were inseparable. Charlie made no secret of his fascination. Raved about the softness of Pola's voice, the beauty of her skin. Bewailed the fact that the limitations of the motion-picture camera made it impossible to mirror her loveliness upon the screen.

I am sure it was with heavy regret that Charlie finally left Pola and Berlin. Yet he was pleased that his departure created something akin to a stir. In a few days Berlin had awakened to the fact that he was there.

His farewell to Pola was no secret farewell. It took place in the inner court of the Adlon—with a battery of newsreel cameras shooting it!

His arrival in Paris was greeted by a mob that was as big and as demonstrative as the crowd at Waterloo Station. Here the shouts of "Good old Charlie!" became "*Vive le Charlot!*"

During his music-hall days he had played at the Folies Bergère. He announced that we should attend the evening performance there.

At first no one recognized him. As yet the newspapers had not told of his arrival. It was not until the intermission at the music hall that he was spotted by an American tourist. In no time the French audience was yelling and cheering.

After the performance we went on to the Rat Mort. Here another affair of the heart developed. We had entered the place unrecognized. Charlie called my attention to two girls at a ringside table near ours. They did not appear to be French. They certainly were not Americans. They *were* beautiful.

The beauty of one of them intrigued Charlie. He began to romance about her—as a princess incognito!

I asked the waiter if he knew who the girls were. He did. They were a sister act employed in the place as entertainers!

At this juncture the music struck up. Charlie's dream princess began to sing. Her personality fascinated him. Her voice held him spellbound. She really

A great crowd of Berliners giving Charlie an ovation.

was a surprisingly good artist to be working there.

It is surely unnecessary to say that when we left the Rat Mort we did not leave alone.

It was daybreak when we got back to the Claridge. She had captured Charlie's heart. He admitted it—zestfully.

She had told him how she had had to flee from her native Russia. A most pitiful story. She called herself Moussi Sodtskaya.

A refugee!

Charlie assured me he could make her a sensation in America. Even after ten hours of sleep he was as enthusiastic as ever. Wherefore my job was to make inquiries as to the possibility of getting Moussi into the United States. Eventually I discovered she was a woman without a country, and there was no way for her to get a passport that would admit her to the United States.

Not the least piquant part of it was that Moussi hadn't the faintest idea of Chaplin's identity. Her awakening came when The Kid was shown at a benefit performance in the Trocadéro cinema. This was the only occasion during the trip that Charlie consented to make a personal appearance —to aid in raising funds to carry on the work of restoring the devastated regions of northern France.

Alfred Reeves, Charlie Chaplin's general manager.

THIS was undoubtedly the most brilliant gathering of notables he ever addressed. His services were recognized by the French government and brought him a decoration at the hands of the Minister of Education. But in his heart of hearts the glory and the acclaim meant less than his knowledge that at last Moussi was discovering who her admirer was.

He had seen to it that she had a seat, high up in the gallery. There sat the beautiful Moussi gazing with unbelieving eyes at the little figure on the stage. Slowly the stunning truth dawned on her. She held the affection of this great world figure!

Later she told me she was afraid ever to see Charlie again.

Following the performance in the cinema Charlie was the guest of honor in the home of a great statesman. Beautiful women showered compliments upon him. The élite of the French capital paid court to him. Yet it counted for less than nothing compared with a fragment of a theater program which Charlie found upon his return to the Claridge.

A little penciled note: "You were wonderful. I love you."

That was all. But it was enough. The man of the hour, the object of hero worship, the great Charlie Chaplin, forgot everything except Moussi. Off he went to the obscure singer of the Rat Mort!

CHAPLIN was thwarted in his attempts to bring Moussi to America, but he did not forget her. He was tremendously happy, years afterward, to learn of her marriage to a member of the English peerage.

Meanwhile Charlie now wanted to return to England to spend a week-end at the country home of H. G. Wells. He decided to fly. So we flew, from Le Bourget airdrome.

At Croydon a smartly uniformed chauffeur led the way for us to a waiting saloon car. We took it for granted the Ritz Hotel had sent it to pick us up. The driver was apparently a foreigner, judging from his broken English. As we rolled along in the general direction of London, Charlie decided that he didn't know his job; was taking us by a roundabout route.

Of a sudden the car came to a grinding stop. But before we could move, the chauffeur was pulling open the door. Leaning close to Charlie, he pulled off his cap, dark glasses, and false mustache, and exclaimed dramatically in perfectly good cockney:

"Nah then, Charlie Chaplin, you're kidnaped!"

Our driver was the manager of a cinema on the outskirts of London. During our earlier visit he had presented Chaplin with a handsomely bound volume containing the autographs of the people who attended his cinema. In return he had asked Charlie to make a personal appearance there. Charlie had had to refuse. This, then, was the manager's way of compelling Chaplin to fall in with his wishes.

I fully expected Charlie to be furious. But, as he so often did, he fooled me. He burst out laughing. Complimented the manager on his resourcefulness, on his carrying out the trick so cleverly. And then he actually left the car, entered the cinema, and took a bow!

From that cinema to the Ritz we fairly burned up the roads. But we were not as fast as that energetic cinema manager. He had phoned to Fleet Street, and screeching headlines, "Charlie Chaplin Kidnaped!" advised London of our return.

As fast as it could be done we changed our clothes, packed bags, and set forth for the Wells country home. This, to Charlie, was the crowning joy of his trip—these hours of communing with his favorite author. Now he was content to turn his footsteps in the direction of Hollywood and work.

But it was obviously difficult for him to get down to work again. For more than a month he stayed away from the studio. But when finally he did take the plunge he displayed more vitality than ever before.

For a time he nursed the idea of—becoming the Beau Brummell of the screen! The foolishness of it eventually dawned on him—but not until he had spent thousands of dollars toying with it. At that, he did not discard it altogether. In The Idle Class, for example, he played a dual rôle that allowed him to dress up. So also with the final sequences of The Gold Rush.

The Pilgrim wound up the First National contract. It was during the making of this film that Charlie brought his mother to California. To attend to this none too easy task Chaplin sent Tom Harrington to London. The valet accompanied Mrs. Chaplin to New York.

VANISHING AMERICA

The Hansom Cab

" Hansom is that hansom does," and they're not doing so very well these days. Invented by John A. Hansom, an Englishman, they reached the height of their popularity in the closing days of the last century. But now there's only a few of them left. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It was whispered—and the rumor gained wide credence—that Chaplin had begrudged the cost of transporting his mother from London to Hollywood. That he had forced her to cross *in the steerage!* That consequently the officials at the port of New York treated her as an immigrant and came within an ace of deporting her back to England! That only when Nathan Burkan frantically wired Charlie did he reluctantly spend the money necessary to keep his mother off Ellis Island!

Of my own knowledge I stamp that wicked tale as untrue. Chaplin was truly fond of his mother. Did everything in his power to insure her happiness and well-being.

What actually happened when Mrs. Chaplin came under the scrutiny of the immigration officials was no more Chaplin's fault than it was yours. The inspector, after his oral examination, passed the gentle-voiced old lady. She was as good as admitted. But then she let slip an utterance that completely altered her status.

Although Harrington had prepared Mrs. Chaplin for the examination, she was hopping mad by the time it was at an end. Also she was Irish, having been born Hannah Harley. And now her Irish was up.

As she left the inspector's desk she put a question to a fellow voyager.

" And who does he think he is, then? " she demanded hotly. And added the name of the Deity.

In jig time medical examiners adjudged her mentally unsound.

Eventually Chaplin smoothed out matters by posting a bond with the United States government to insure his mother's never becoming a burden upon the community. Also he guaranteed that she should have expert medical attention during her stay in Hollywood.

The meeting of mother and son was pathetic. She had not the slightest idea of the great place her boy occupied. Until the day of her passing away she never knew what the words Charlie Chaplin meant to the cinema-goers of the world. It was enough for Hannah Harley to know what they meant to her!

Ensconcing her in a lovely home on the ocean front at Santa Monica, Charlie engaged a companion and a nurse for her. He continued to live in his own home.

AGAIN the gossips' tongues were loosed. Did Chaplin consider himself too good to live under the same roof with his mother?

In fact it was hitting a man when he was down. For Charlie was grief-stricken. His mother's mental state caused him intense sorrow. All he could do was to provide every possible creature comfort. And this he did.

With the First National contract a thing of the past, Chaplin now blossomed forth as a full-fledged independent producer. His determination to make ever better contributions to the literature of the screen had much to do with his joining Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and D. W. Griffith in their issuance of the famous ultimatum to the motion-picture industry of America. It was to put an end to the slipshod mediocre productions of the film factories that he agreed to become a founder member of the United Artists Corporation.

The other partners took it for granted that Chaplin would turn out two feature-length films each year. But Charlie was beginning to realize that the more often he made a film the more difficult it would be for him to top it with a better one. Plot after plot was evolved, but Charlie scrapped them all. Once again he turned to play.

And then along came Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

I recall their meeting as if it had happened yesterday. It was a drowsy summer afternoon, anything but conducive to work. Chaplin told us funny stories. Reminisced. Brought out his violin and played for us. Then he absented himself in his tiny anteroom, playing an eerie melody over and over again. We knew it was his way of calling it a day. So one by one his co-workers stole away and I was left alone.

BUT not for long. For now in burst Marshall " Mickey " Neilan. He was in high spirits. Chaplin came out, registering pleasure at sight of him, and Mickey began raving over the beauteous lady waiting outside in his saloon car. She was none other than Peggy. Charlie said he would love to meet her.

A few minutes later Mickey's car drew in to the studio grounds and out she stepped. Strings of diamonds and emeralds dangled from her wrists. One look at her and the ordinary man would gasp.

But in her meeting with Charlie she was the personification of correct formality. Her accent was ultra-refined. It was as if she meant seriously to impress Chaplin as a very great lady. At that, she might have got away with it but for Mickey and his monkeyshines!

Charlie invited her to enter his dressing room and partake of liquid refreshment. With them went Mickey. I brought up the rear to do my bit as bartender.

As the bubbles began to take effect, Peggy began to come down to earth. But each time she would catch herself up and become more than ever " refaned." Presently Mickey decided it was time he took a hand in the proceedings—and gave Peggy such a whack as children get by way of discipline.

Instantly Peggy wheeled on the grinning mischief-maker and completely forgot her rôle of *grande dame!*

For the next fortnight Charlie and Peggy were inseparable. The Boulevard buzzed. The gossips were sure they would marry.

But, as unexpectedly as she had arrived in Hollywood, Peggy departed for New York. The stage was calling her. So that romance ended.

Now, however, Chaplin had a story—a story of a glamorous woman of the world!

Upon his return to the studio he let us know that all thought of a comedy must be set aside. For the time being he meant to devote his attention to drama! But he would not appear in the film. He would function merely as the creator of the story and as the director. The result was A Woman of Paris.

While the industry acclaimed the film as the outstanding picture of the year, it was most disappointing from a financial standpoint. That didn't bother Charlie. The added prestige it gave him more than offset the loss.

This was all very well, but the hard fact remained that it was up to Chaplin to get busy and give an impatient world a new comedy. He decided on the idea out of which grew the story of The Gold Rush.

Our toughest job was finding a new leading woman. Then Lita Grey appeared! Not as Lita Grey, however. Then she was Miss Lolita McMurray.

Charlie gazed at her eagerly when she arrived with her mother at the studio. He remembered her vaguely. She had played an angel in the heaven sequence in The Kid. Her mother reminded him that in The Idle Class also Lolita, as a girl of fourteen, had played a tiny bit, the mother working as an extra in the film.

During both productions Chaplin had skylarked with Lolita, as he had done with the other youngsters on the set. But this, thanks to the intervening years, was an entirely different Lolita. The longer Charlie talked with her, the more desirable she became as the ideal leading woman. Impulsively he decided his search was at an end.

At his orders a test was made at once. He raved over the result. Lolita was the answer to his prayer!

Followed the signing of the contract that foreshadowed Lolita's queendom. The business of creating an illusion was our next job. First she became Lita Grey. The name was Charlie's own choice, and it was flashed to the ends of the earth. Overnight she was world-famous.

Next came a statement for the newspapers of the world. It was a vivid display of the star's power to make the world accept a chit of a girl, a tyro, at his valuation. It depicted her, her mother, and their background in the most dazzling colors that language affords. In short, Charlie was head over heels in love again!

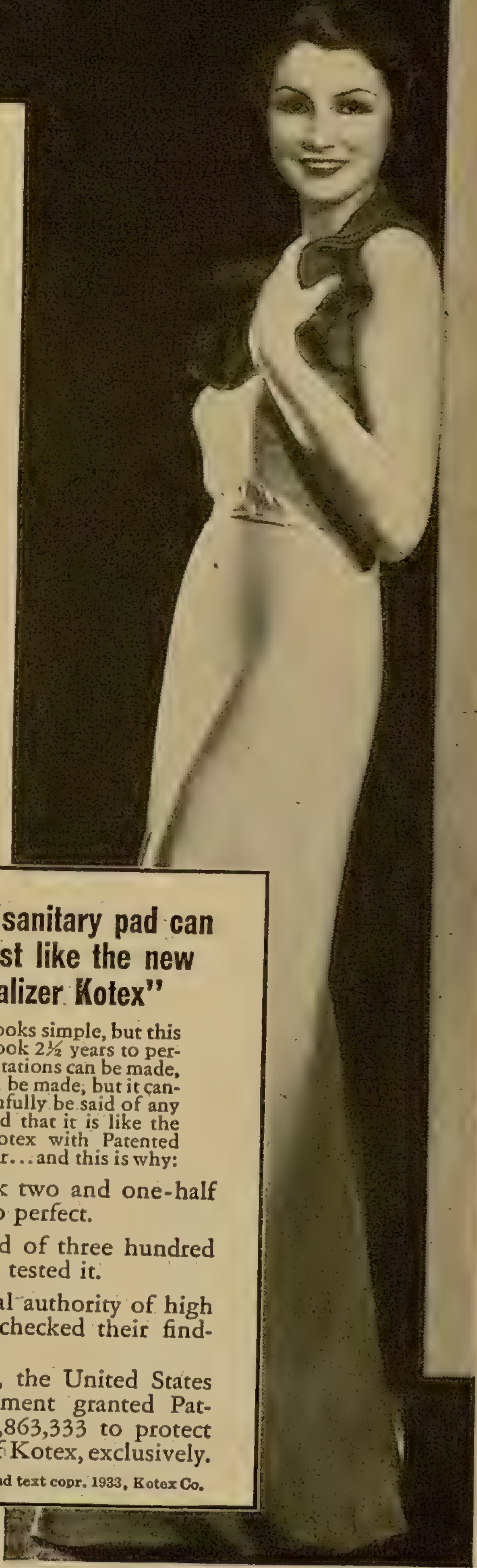
Hardly had Lita signed the contract when her mother made it plain that henceforward she and "the beautiful young lady" of the publicity department's ecstatic ravings would hold the reins in the studio. The dressing room that had so long been Edna Purviance's was now refurnished to meet the requirements of Mrs. McMurray.

Charlie let it be known that their every wish was to be gratified.

As extras in The Idle Class and The Kid, mother and daughter had frequently suffered that kind of humiliation which is the lot of the mob at every studio. Now everything was sweetly different. Now Lita took her place in the foreground—or behind the camera, side by side with Chaplin. Now it was her privilege to approve or disapprove of every scene before it was shot. It is surely unnecessary to add that at this stage of the proceedings Mrs. McMurray and Lita never failed to agree with Charlie.

A romance was in the budding. And budding fast!

The real story of the Chaplin-Grey marriage and divorce, with Charlie's ensuing all-but-fatal illness, will be told in next week's installment by Mr. Robinson.



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1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.
2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.
3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

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SOULMATES, PLAYMATES, PALS

Warren William in a Hilarious Comedy, An Exuberant Elissa Landi, Richard Dix as an Alcoholic Reporter, and Marlene Dietrich in Petticoats Featured in the New Films

By ROB WAGNER

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ GOODBYE AGAIN

CAST: Kenneth Bixby, Warren William; Anne, Joan Blondell; Julie, Genevieve Tobin; Elizabeth, Helen Chandler; Maid, Ruth Donnelly; Arthur Westlake, Wallace Ford; Harvey Wilson, Hugh Herbert; Mr. Clayton, Hobart Cavanaugh; Theodore, Jay Ward; the Hotel Manager, Ferdinand Gottschalk; the Bell Boy, Ray Cooke. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

A PLAY full of goofy situations and acted with high humor. In college Warren William, class poet, and Genevieve Tobin, romantic co-ed, met and loved. That is, their oversouls met and loved. Years passed. Genevieve married Hugh Herbert, a kindly Babbitt. Warren became a famous author of best sex-sellers.

Warren, on a "personal appearance," arrives in Genevieve's town and all her suppressed romanticism is aroused. She calls. Warren tries hard to remember who she is. She throws herself at him and he recalls her kisses.

Joan Blondell, Warren's secretary, is jealous of this flaming revival of youth. Genevieve's sister, Helen Chandler, and brother-in-law, Wallace Ford, are worried. Hugh Herbert is interested but delightfully casual about his wife's lapses. Ridiculous developments, culminating in a hotel conference to free Genevieve so that she can go to her soulmate.

But Warren's elastic soul is now in Joan's keeping, and Joan, wishing to disillusion the love-lady, with bar-sinister purpose rings in a fake son. Genevieve's oversoul goes boom! and she leaves with her unperturbed and genial husband.

This is the jolliest thing William has done. Miss Tobin oversouls delightfully and Joan Blondell was never better. The lesser characters—right down to Ray Cooke, the bell hop—act with life and spirit. Hugh Herbert, the inconsequential husband, just about steals the show. Altogether hilariously amusing.

Genevieve Tobin with Warren William as college-days sweethearts reunited, in Goodbye Again.

★★★ I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY

CAST: Philip Fletcher, Warner Baxter; Vicki Meredith, Elissa Landi; Randall Williams, Victor Jory; Cynthia Williams, Miriam Jordan; "Doc Mary" Hanson, Laura Hope Crews. Directed by Henry King and William Cameron Menzies.

Elissa Landi had her days of love. On Wednesday she loved Victor Jory, on Thursday Warner Baxter. Meeting both together "of a Chooseday," she had to choose.

Paris. Dancing academy. Elissa studying. Victor Jory, her handsome American sweetheart, is about to take her on a romantic vacation to Brittany when he gets news his wife is arriving. Wife! Horrors! Elissa, shocked, goes to South America. Here she meets Warner Baxter, engineer on harbor construction. Love. Back to New York. Warner goes out to build Boulder Dam (swell shots of big project). Elissa goes to Paris and makes hit as a dancer. Years pass. Back in New York. Warner finds her. Love again.

One of the Thursdays on which Elissa Landi eyes Warner Baxter this way in I Loved You Wednesday.

Warner invites her off on his yacht. She accepts. But—up turns Victor and asks her to go to Paris with him. The rival lovers meet. No punching, but an amusing duel in dialogue between civilized gentlemen. Elissa meets Miriam Jordan, Victor's wife. Another amusing duel of wits. Miriam says in effect, "Go along with him; he'll come back. He's a good husband, but I have to give him his Wednesdays off." Elissa struggles between the two invitations, finally deciding to go with Victor. While shaving, Victor gabbles and in trying to be funny says the wrong thing. So Elissa ups and beats it back to her Thursday sweetheart.

Miss Landi, heretofore a most repressed lady, behaves like a Mexican jumping bean. Miriam Jordan is deliciously amusing. And Warner Baxter is himself. The big surprise is Victor Jory—the rough barker in State Fair—who plays the part of a witty, courteous gentleman and is charming.

★★ NO MARRIAGE TIES

CAST: Bruce Foster, Richard Dix; Peggy Wilson, Elizabeth Allan; Adrienne Deane, Doris Kenyon; Perkins, Alan Dinehart; Zimmer, David Landau; Smith, Hobart Cavanaugh; Olmstead, Hilda Vaughn; Moran, Charles Wilson. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

Richard Dix has been going on continuously for sixteen years (a record for stardom), occasionally hitting high in such stories as Cimarron and The Great Jasper, but usually appearing in modest so-called program pictures. This is one of the latter.

Richard goes on a drunk when he should have been reporting the Tunney-Dempsey fight, and is taken home by Elizabeth Allan, a young illustrator he meets in a speakeasy. He sobers up in a new-found friendship, made all the more sober when he learns that he has been fired by his paper. A glib sloganeer, he joins an advertising agency and employs Elizabeth. Big success.

A music publisher (Richard Carle) "tells" Richard Dix, amusing Elizabeth Allan, in No Marriage Ties.

He bets his partner he can get the account of Doris Kenyon, a famous cosmetician. He wins the bet and also Doris. Bermuda. Engagement. But when he realizes that Doris intends utterly to possess him, he breaks off. Doris suicides, and the shock, with the aid of hot shots fired by Elizabeth, awakens him to a realization that his advertising methods have been crooked. He gives up his business and returns to booze. Comes Elizabeth again, the one girl who understands him. Clinch.

Dix makes a weak, egoistical character warm and lovable. Miss Allan, English actress new to pictures, has a strange elfinlike charm. Doris Kenyon is beautiful and sweet—perhaps too sweet. Alan Dinehart as Richard's moral and tempestuous partner does a fine job, and David Landau registers as usual.

The dialogue is exceptionally witty and natural, the direction excellent.

★ THE SONG OF SONGS

CAST: Lilly Czopanek, Marlene Dietrich; Waldow, Brian Aherne; Baron von Merzbach, Lionel Atwill; Mrs. Rasmussen, Alison Skipworth; Walter von Prell, Hardie Albright; Miss von Schwartzfegger, Helen Freeman. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

Marlene Dietrich is reported to have said, "I'm not an actress; I'm a personality." Unfortunately this Sudermann story requires acting. But if Marlene can't act, the others can, and do—in the best *stage* traditions.

Marlene is a poor little orphaned German peasant wearing ten petticoats and a funny hat. She comes to the wicked city to live with her aunt (Alison Skipworth), a gin-drinking German who packs a most out-of-character cockney accent! To the shop comes Brian Aherne, a German sculptor with Irish Players accent and diction. He asks Marlene to pose for him nude. Ah, at least we'll see Marlene's beautiful legs! No, not once during the show. Only her head and shoulders. But the statue? Unfortunately Brian models a figure that looks like the body of a trapeze performer. Love and D. W. Griffith romance—bounding over the meadows hand in hand.

Marlene Dietrich, arrived at the sophisticated stage of the heroine's life in The Song of Songs.

Enters the serpent—Lionel Atwill, German nobleman. Lionel wears a full field uniform even when shopping. Brian, too poor to offer Marlene happiness, scrams, leaving her to marry Lionel. She becomes a great lady. Lionel triumphantly exhibits her to Brian. Marlene, peeved, runs away and becomes a prostitute. For one short sequence we see the real Marlene of the screen. She sings a naughty song in a rathskeller. Brian agrees to her price of shame and takes her to his studio. Big emotional stuff. Marlene smashes the awful statue with a sledge hammer, collapses, and Brian offers her true love.

A grand story badly miscast and ponderously directed.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade.

★★★—Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms.

OFF THE SCREEN—

By HARRIET PARSONS

DICK ARLEN, the proverbial good boy of the Paramount lot, rebelled recently for the first time in his career. Dick, Gary Cooper, and Jack Oakie had planned a yachting trip to Ensenada. Studio had nothing special for him to do but wanted him to stick around just in case. Dick made some pertinent remarks and embarked with his pals for ports unknown. And is the studio surprised!

Kathryn Carver Menjou and Randy Scott are showing a decided preference for each other's society these days. And the suave Adolphe, who always held out vehemently for early hours when he was married to Katie, is now seen regularly at Hollywood's late spots.

Clara Bow won't come into Hollywood even for a brief visit. Afraid she'll go on an eating spree, put on weight, and ruin her film comeback chances. She's hermiting it on the Bell ranch in Nevada. Has a masseuse there.

Reports drift in from the M.-G.-M. lot that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are running the Siamese Twins a close second. Joan, it seems, doesn't even walk over to the side of the sound stage to telephone without Franchot at her elbow.

Tootsie

(Reading time: 8 minutes 27 seconds.)

SHE is pretty in a slow, bovine way—Tootsie. She has big dark eyes. She has a soft knob of brown hair, and her wave is always nice. That's because she works in Miss Louise's shop at Ninety-umpth Street and Broadway. Some of the other girls in the shop set the wave for her when they're not busy. Tootsie is so amiable, everybody likes her. She's young—not more than twenty-four or twenty-five at the outside. She leans rather to the plump side, although no one in his senses could call her fat. She moves slowly. The other girls say Tootsie was born tired.

"Can I have Tootsie for a wave at three?" the ladies ask when someone answers the telephone at the shop. "And how about working me in for a manicure afterward?" Yes, she's booked up, Tootsie is, nearly every day. When Miss Louise gets mad at her, she has to stop and remind herself that Tootsie brings in a lot of customers. Miss Louise is a human dynamo, red-haired, forty-five, thin as a lath. She works in a whirlwind of excitement, tension.

"Shampoo and marcel right away? Certainly, madam. Sit right down here. We'll take you in a few minutes." Miss Louise dashes back to the third booth. She hisses: "Tootsie, how about working this customer in as soon as you finish Miss Hartigan?"

Tootsie whirls the iron she's using round and round before she replies. It's a little trick of hers that nearly drives Miss Louise crazy, or so she says. Tootsie never answers straight off. She seems to be thinking about something far away.

"Yes, I guess so. I'll try, anyway."

Tootsie's not as good, really, at finger waves as is Miss René, who used to work at the Waldorf and never lets you forget it. And she's an indifferent manicurist. Why, then, do her customers come back and come back for more?

I'll tell you this: There's something very restful about Tootsie. She has a way of murmuring "Is that so?" with exactly the right inflection. Makes you feel like a great mind. She remarks gently that she thinks maybe a henna rinse would be better, this time, than vinegar. Kinda brings out the luster. She's never tactless enough to say, as Miss René does:

"What's this I see? A new bunch of white ones? You better get a good touching up. Well, well, we all have to get old. Isn't it so?"

Miss Louise avers Tootsie has no human feelings—that she's positively uncanny, the way she jogs along, taking things as they come, never getting steamed up about anything. "She's the limit, that kid is," Miss Louise will grumble. "Wonder what she thinks about—if anything."

Tootsie thinks—sometimes. When she can't help it. Let me tell you. . . .

Imagine a plump, pretty girl of nineteen, very dark, very rosy, lots of animation. Tomorrow's her wedding day. She's going to marry a boy she went to grade school with in Yonkers. He's twenty-two. He's a marble setter. He makes what Tootsie calls "good money"—as if it weren't all good. Tootsie's going to be married at St. Anselm's, with all the trimmings. Two bridesmaids, one in pink and one in blue. And her dress isn't rented for the occasion, never you think it. It's white—point d'esprit, with little knots of white ribbon all over it. Tootsie will wear a veil, too.

Frank, the bridegroom, is a tall, sunburned young man with a grin. He gets that sunburn from swimming in the Hudson, when he has a chance. Sundays mostly, because he works regular. Tootsie has a four-room flat on McLean Avenue. A two-piece suite in taupe mohair. A maple dining-room set. Near mahogany in the bedroom. Ten dollars down and ten, says Tootsie, giggling, when they catch you.

Rice showers them when they come out of St. Anselm's. Tootsie doesn't know the symbolic meaning of the custom, but she fulfills the destiny of the fruitful bride some ten months and three days later.

She has a baby, born in the big hospital on the hill. A boy. Frank is glad. He wanted a boy, too. He's a big fellow with brown eyes. He weighs ten pounds, can you imagine?

Tootsie comes home in two weeks. She looks, in her old blue kimono, the baby on her arm, like a dark Madonna seen in an old church.

Sundays they go out together, pushing the big biscuit-colored carriage. They're proud. They're happy. They've got everything.

The baby grows—flourishes. At the clinic they teach Tootsie how to feed him. Tootsie works hard, but she likes it. She gets pretty thin, rushing up and down stairs with that heavy youngster in her arms.

The baby is one year old. The days fly by; you hardly notice how the seasons pass. The baby is two, and now there's another one on the way. It's summer, and the little family goes down to the river on Sundays. Frank has a friend who owns a boat, one of those things with an outboard motor. It's grand fun. Water blue and rippling, bright sky overhead. It's good for Tootsie to get away from the flat. They take a picnic lunch, stay all day.

This particular Sunday is not so clear. There are clouds over in the west. Tootsie thinks maybe they'd better not start out. They could go to the park, eat their lunch there. Frank laughs. What an idea!

By noon it's looking pretty black. Nothing to it (this is Frank speaking). Just a little squall. You got to expect it once in a while. Stay close to the shore. But Tootsie keeps looking over her shoulder at that big cloud. She doesn't like it. John, the boy, is on her lap. She holds him tight.

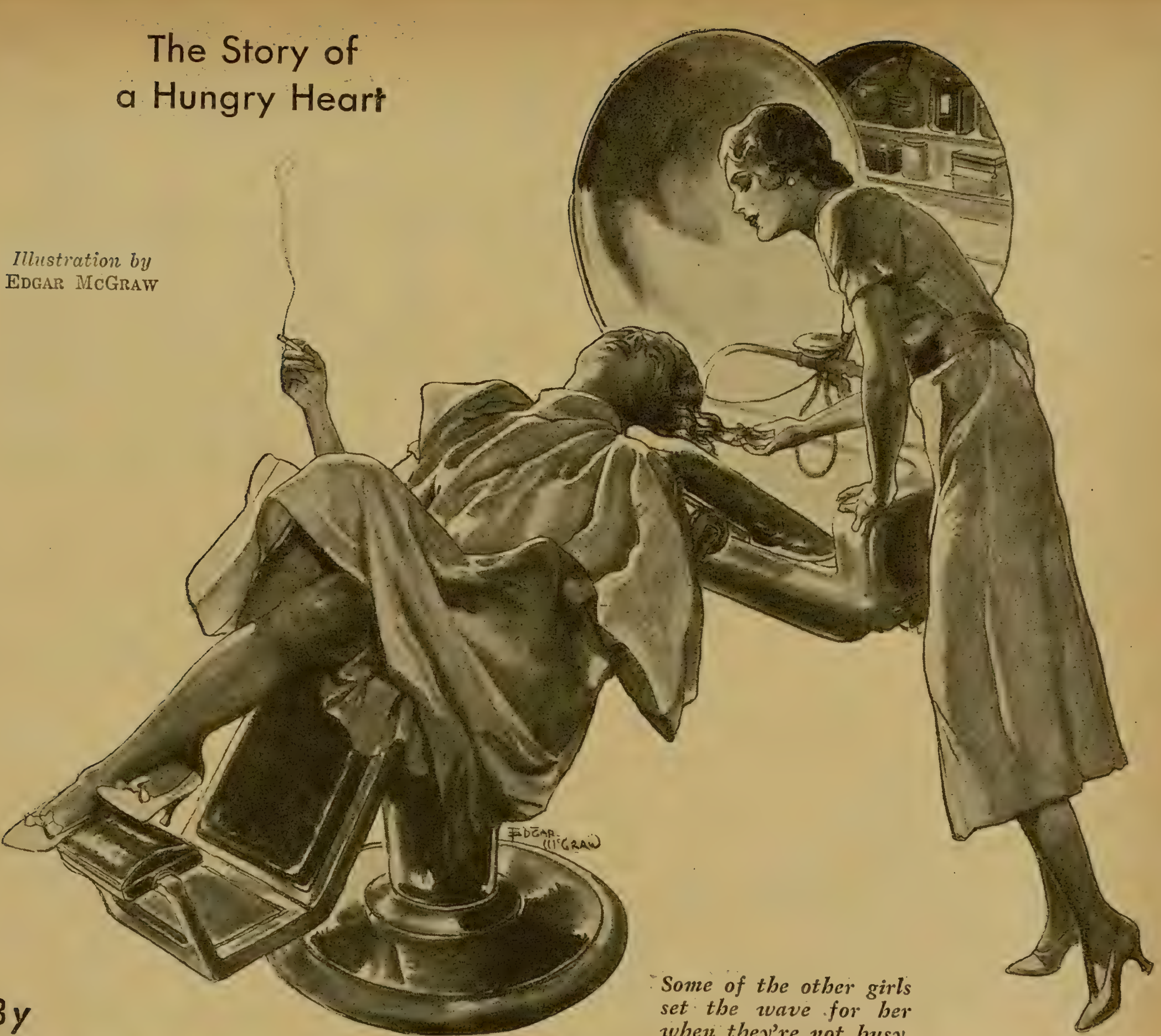
ALL of a sudden it happens. The cloud seems to turn itself into a giant funnel. It leaps at them. The little boat whirls about and goes over. Something strikes Tootsie in the head. That's all she knows. Two fishermen near by haul her to shore. When this is done, they look for Frank, whom they'd seen battling the current with the baby on his shoulder. But he's gone. They're both gone. Lost—lost—lost!

Tootsie is in the hospital. They don't dare tell her. Besides, she's delirious pretty nearly all the time. She loses the second baby and the doctor tells her mother it's lucky they saved her. She can never have another child, he says. When she is strong enough to bear it, they tell her what happened. She stares and stares, not taking it in. It's awful. Even the nurses can't bear it. They're hard-boiled, but there's something about Tootsie's lost look that gets them.

Maybe she doesn't really believe it. Maybe she thinks that when she gets back to the flat she'll find them waiting. The first time she goes there she wanders into the bedroom. Little John's blue-and-white bed is made up, just as she left it that Sunday, in the corner. There's a woolly puppy on the window sill. She looks around. All of a sudden the whole thing seems to dawn on her. She

The Story of a Hungry Heart

Illustration by
EDGAR McGRAW



Some of the other girls set the wave for her when they're not busy.

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

begins to cry for the first time since it happened. She cries and cries and cries. It's the kind of crying that you can't bear to hear. It tears her in two.

Somebody drives her up to her aunt's house in Connecticut. It's in the country. Her aunt is fond of Tootsie. She stays there for a while. She sits out in the sun, her hands in her lap. No little blue suits to wash, no dark curls to comb. No tall, sunburned young man with a grin coming home to her at night. When somebody asks her a question she waits a while before she answers.

In the winter she goes down to New York. She never goes back to Yonkers again—where the folks are. She goes back to the work she'd started before she marched into St. Anselm's with Frank. In a beauty shop. Nights, she brushes up on finger-waving. She has a room in an old brownstone-front house near the park. It's not bad. She gets to know the girls in the shop. They don't know what to make of her. She's pretty, she doesn't talk about herself, she has no boy friends. What's it all about? Tootsie doesn't tell them much. When they ask her to go to a movie, sometimes she goes. She couldn't stand Common Clay, though. She had to get up and leave when that baby came on the screen.

Well, she makes the time pass. She works hard at the shop all day, and hopes she'll sleep at night. Usually she does, although more often than not she wakes up with her pillow wet and her arms stretched wide. He used to call her in the night sometimes, standing up in his crib: "Mum—mum—mum." She thinks she hears him now.

MRS. MANDELL hurries in. She's had a heavy morning in her duplex over on Central Park West. The second maid broke two ash trays and the cook was peevish because there are guests for lunch.

Mrs. Mandell has an appointment with Tootsie. Tootsie puts her in the chair, fastens the rubber overall with slow, deliberate fingers. Mrs. Mandell relaxes. The atmosphere is very soothing to a woman so burdened as herself. As Tootsie rubs she begins to recite her troubles: the dress that wasn't finished on schedule, Mr. Mandell's worries about the market—everything. Tootsie says, "Would you like a little henna rinse today? It brings out the lights in your hair."

Mrs. Mandell likes what she sees in the glass as Tootsie sets the wave. She feels better. She feels expansive.

"You don't know what worry is," she tells Tootsie. "Mr. Mandell may have to give up his European trip this summer. Goodness, Tootsie, what wouldn't I give to be in your shoes? Young and healthy and not a care in the world."

Tootsie says nothing. Some day Miss Louise will give her a good talking to, the way she doesn't answer when a person speaks to her.

THE END

THE REAL OF Hans Wagner

Brown Bros. photo

"The Flying Dutchman"

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

IT was the opening day of the 1933 baseball season at Redland Field, Cincinnati. Grandstand and bleachers were banked high with enthusiastic fans—for opening day in Cincinnati is always a sell-out.

The Pittsburgh Pirates and the Cincinnati Reds had completed their preliminary practice. The Cincinnati players took their positions in the field, and Red Lucas strode to the mound. The umpire at the plate ripped the cardboard covering from a new white baseball and tossed it out to Lucas with the words "Play ball."

A broad-shouldered, bow-legged figure emerged from the Pittsburgh players' bench and waddled toward the first-base coaching line. Hair that had turned gray with the passing years showed at the edge of the dark blue baseball cap. The hand of time and the weight of years that had dealt none too kindly with him lent a stoop to the broad shoulders that had once been a terror to the best pitchers the game had ever known, a certain feebleness to the bowed legs that had played in more ball games, scored more runs, accepted more chances, made more hits, and stolen more bases than any other ball player that ever lived.

Somebody in the grandstand back of first base shouted: "There's Wagner—there's old Honus!" Then a wave of applause swept around the field in such an ovation as few ball players have ever received, and the gray-haired figure raised his hand in greeting to a baseball throng—for the first time in fifteen years.

It was Hans Wagner, one of baseball's immortals, come back to the game he had helped to make, after an absence of fifteen years. It was the first opportunity the younger generation of present-day baseball fans had ever had to see in uniform one of the greatest players of baseball history.

The bringing of Hans Wagner back into the game this year after an absence of fifteen years is the most popular move baseball could have made in a year when the game is apt to need some artificial stimulation. It is no mean attraction for the younger generation of baseball fans to see this great star of other years even in the modest rôle of a coach.

In his twenty-one years as a player Wagner set a world's record by fielding a total of 10,596 chances for a grand fielding average of .946—a mark that is not likely ever to be even closely approached by any other ball player. He holds the record of having batted for an average of .300 or better for *seventeen* consecutive years in an age when .300 hitters were much more of a rarity than in these days of the lively ball and weaker pitching. In the entire fifty-six years of its existence the National League has known only two consistent batting leaders over a term of years—Hans Wagner and Rogers Hornsby. No other player—not even such hitters as Anson, Dan Brouthers, Delehanty, and Lajoie—has ever led the National League in hitting more than two years in succession.

Another illuminating fact to consider in these days of $100,000 price tags on bush-league players is that Hans Wagner was probably the cheapest player ever sold from one club to another.

It was back in 1895 that Hans Wagner broke into the game purely by accident. George Moreland was managing the Steubenville, Ohio, club in the old Interstate League, and as the date for the opening of the season approached Moreland didn't have enough players under contract to make up his batting order for the opening game. He lamented over this dearth of playing talent to Al Wagner, a player on the Steubenville club from Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

"Why don't you give Hans a chance, George?" Al inquired. "I think he's a good ball player."

"Hans—who's Hans?" asked Moreland.

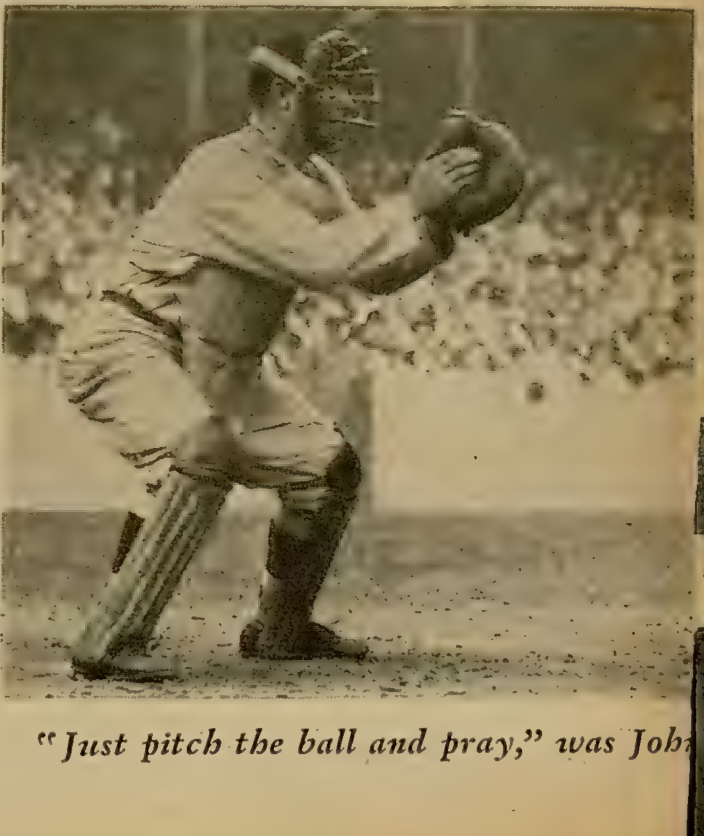
"My brother Hans," replied Al Wagner. "He's playing ball around the lots up in Carnegie, and they say he's pretty good."

"What position does he play?" inquired Moreland.

"Oh, he can play anywhere," replied Al.

"Yeah"—sarcastically. "I've seen these all-round ball players before—jack of all trades and master of none."

Nevertheless George Moreland wired to Hans Wagner at Carnegie, to come to Steubenville if he wanted to try his



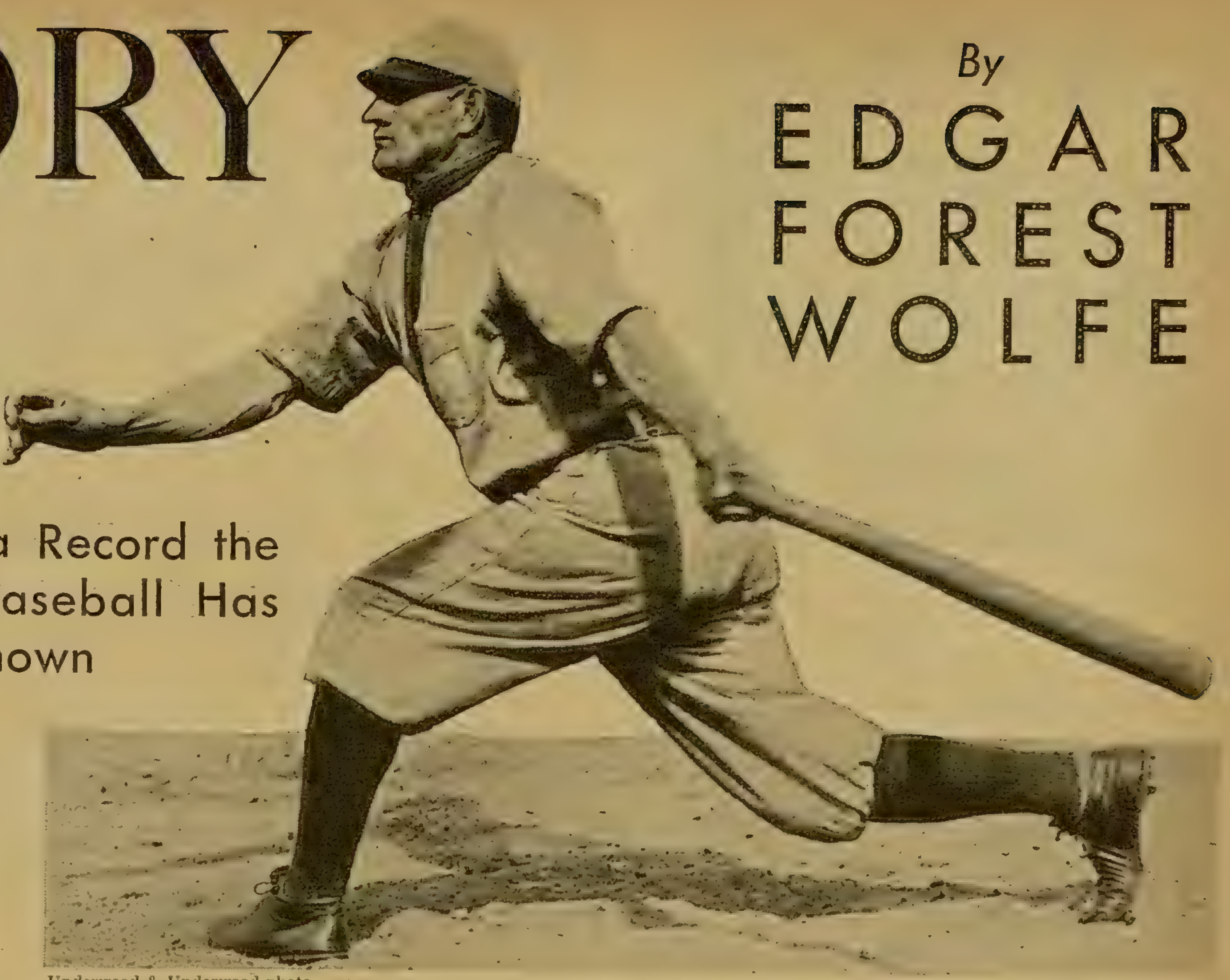
"Just pitch the ball and pray," was Joh

STORY

By

EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

His Hair Is Gray Now, But He's Back in the Game, with a Record the Like of Which Baseball Has Never Known



Underwood & Underwood photo

Hans Wagner hitting one on the nose when he was building an all-time big-league record.

hand at being a ball player for money, adding the information that a railroad ticket would follow by mail.

Next morning when Moreland came down to breakfast there was a big, broad-shouldered, bow-legged Dutchman sitting in a chair in the hotel lobby with a bundle wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. Hans Wagner hadn't waited for the railroad fare—he had wrapped his old uniform in a newspaper and hopped a night freight for his first baseball job. He was taking no chances.

That afternoon Hans Wagner played in his first professional ball game. Moreland had to put him out in left field to make up a complete team, and according to Moreland he was as good a ball player then as he ever was. The pitchers couldn't get him out—and he played the whole game in his stocking feet, as they couldn't find a pair of shoes big enough for him.

Later that season the Interstate League began to go on the rocks and Moreland tried to sell his whole ball club before the league blew up. He went to Captain Kerr, then the owner of the Pittsburgh National League club, but Kerr wouldn't take Moreland's club as a gift.

Moreland then sold his entire Steubenville team to Harry Pulliam, of the Paterson, New Jersey, team of the old Atlantic League, for *seventy-five dollars*. And there were three other future big-league stars on that team in addition to Hans Wagner — his brother Al Wagner, who later starred with the Washington National League club; Claude Richie, who was star second-baseman for years with the Pittsburgh National League club; and Frank Bowerman, star catcher for the New York Giants and the Boston National League club.

Brown Bros. photo

cGraw's advice when Wagner came up.

Harry Pulliam took the whole Paterson team to Louisville, then in the National League, and when the Louisville club was consolidated with the Pittsburgh club to reduce the former twelve-club circuit to one of eight clubs in 1900, Wagner and Claude Richie went to Pittsburgh, where they wrote baseball history as the greatest pair of infield stars baseball had known.

Hans Wagner never had to learn to play big-league baseball. From the time he first picked up a baseball bat for Moreland at Steubenville he was a big-league star. He batted .379 for Paterson in the Atlantic League, hit .344 his first year in the National League with Louisville, hit .380 his first year with Pittsburgh, and for seventeen consecutive years big-league pitchers tried in vain to drag his batting average below .300.

WITH tremendously long arms and strong in the shoulders, Wagner stood far back on the rear line of the batter's box. He was just as apt to hit a bad pitch out of the lot as he was to whale a good one, and it was impossible for a pitcher to "waste one" if Wagner was up there at the plate with runners in scoring position. He was a player without a single weakness, temperamental or otherwise.

They tell a story of a young pitcher with whom John McGraw was going over the weaknesses of various players in the National League.

"How should I pitch to Wagner?" asked the young pitcher.

"Just pitch the ball and pray," replied McGraw.

Baseball has known other great hitters—Anson, Dan Brouthers, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth. But none of these have been exceptional stars in the field, and only Cobb has been a great base runner. Hans Wagner was even greater as a fielder than he was as a hitter, and a better base runner than he was at either hitting or fielding.

Note that total of 10,596 chances accepted as a shortstop, and then consider the fact that many of these were chances that no other infielder would even have attempted.

Here is an example. In a game at old Exposition Park in Pittsburgh, with Claude Richie playing second and Wagner at short, the opposing team got a runner on first when the next batsman hit a grounder directly over the second-base bag for a sure hit—with anybody but Hans Wagner at shortstop. With the crack of the bat Wagner raced out toward center field, and with his back to the

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infield just managed to spear the ball with his bare hand. Without even pausing to look around he whipped the ball blindly backward—and it went straight into the hands of Richie, covering second, forcing out the runner coming down from first.

I traveled with the Pittsburgh team for a number of years while Wagner was at his height as a player, and I have seen him make plays I wouldn't believe if I hadn't seen them. On numerous occasions I have seen him slipping and falling on a wet field in stopping batted balls deep in the field back of third base, and while sitting or lying on the ground he would throw out the runner at first. He had a "rifle arm" that could whip the ball from any position to first base.

His base-running plays were equally original. Once with Wagner on first and Tommy Leach on third the next batter hit a grounder to the infield and Leach was trapped between third and the plate. In this situation the conventional play is for the trapped runner to prolong the play for a sufficient length of time to permit the runner on first to get around to third and the batter to reach second—but Wagner refused to stop at third. He turned third like a race horse, and before the opposing players knew it they had two runners to chase up and down that third base line instead of one. This unusual state of affairs so complicated matters and confused opposing players that somebody hit Wagner on the back with the ball and both runners scored, the batter reaching third.

ONCE in a game in Philadelphia he slid into third base in a cloud of dust simultaneously with the ball. He came in with such force that he upset Lobert, playing third for the Phillies, and the ball dropped from Lobert's hands. Hastily scrambling to his feet, Wagner dashed on for the plate while Lobert and two or three of the other Philly players were searching frantically for the ball.

In the meantime Wagner had crossed the plate and walked nonchalantly to the players' bench. There he was faced with the problem of getting that ball back into the game again. For in falling from Lobert's hands it had dropped inside Wagner's shirt—a fact that had not been observed in the dust stirred up by Wagner's slide.

When the ball couldn't be found anywhere on the playing field the umpire became suspicious. He walked over to the Pittsburgh bench just as Wagner fished the lost ball from the inside of his shirt. Naturally he sent Wagner back to third. But you can't hate a fellow for trying.

There is one home run in Wagner's record that he didn't earn.

In a game between the Cubs and Pirates at the old National League Park in Chicago, Fred Clarke, manager of the Pirates, got into an argument with the umpire and was chased to the clubhouse. Sitting inside the clubhouse, in deep center field, Clarke proceeded to watch the balance of the game through the window. In one of the late innings Wagner came up to bat and whaled a line drive that got by the outfielders and rolled straight toward the door of the clubhouse. Seeing the ball coming in the direction of the door, Clarke got up and opened the door and let the ball roll into the clubhouse, then he closed the door and locked it. No umpire had seen him do it, so Wagner got a home run.

Wagner was probably the best liked and most inoffensive player the game has known—with the possible exception of Babe Ruth. Never in the twenty-one years he performed as an active player was he in any trouble with opposing players, umpires, club owners, or fans. I have known him to permit himself to be put out rather than take a chance on injuring an opposing player.

IN a game in Philadelphia some years ago Charlie Dooin, then catching for the Phillies, blocked Wagner off the plate when the latter tried to score from second on a hit to the outfield. Dooin hadn't yet received the throw from the outfield, and Wagner, with his huge bulk, could have tumbled the slightly built Dooin all over the place and made the plate in safety. Instead Wagner tried to slide around him, and in doing so he missed the plate. Dooin then caught the ball and tagged him out.

"Charlie," Wagner said as he got up and dusted off his uniform, "somebody is going to break your legs some day, blocking the plate like that. I wouldn't do it, but there are plenty of players in the league that would."

A short time later out in St. Louis, Roger Bresnahan, then catcher-manager of the St. Louis club, slid into Dooin at the plate and broke his leg.

Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, and Rogers Hornsby have been great stars on the attack. Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Travis Jackson, and Maranville stars on the defense. Cobb, Collins, and Billy Hamilton have been the outstanding stars at base running. But Hans Wagner has been all of these wrapped up in a single package—and he maintained that all-round efficiency through twenty-one years of active service in the big league.

It was in 1917 that the famous star of the Pittsburgh club played his last season in major-league baseball. That was the twenty-first season in the big league for Wagner—a record for length of service that has been equaled only by Lajoie and excelled only by Anson and Ty Cobb.

At the age of thirty-nine Babe Ruth has four years to go to equal Wagner's service as a big-league star, and due to his .290 batting average in 1925 the Babe will have to hit .300 or better continuously until he is forty-nine years of age, or ten more years, to equal Wagner's record.

Remember that when you see that gray-haired, bow-legged figure on the coaching line for Pittsburgh this year.

THE END

PRACTICAL SHOPPING LESSONS—HOME OR A NURSERY SCHOOL FOR A THREE-YEAR-OLD?—"MISSY" AND "TOMMY"—A WHITE HOUSE DESSERT RECIPE

HAPPY DAYS

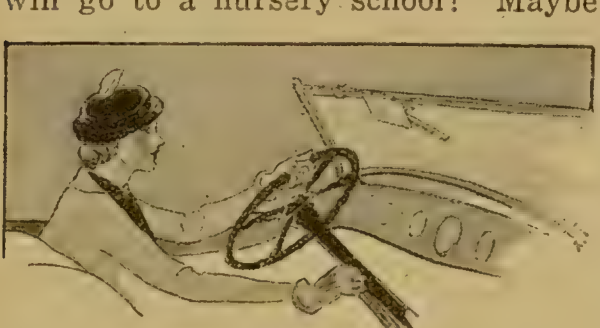
By **ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL**

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

HERE we have the fall school term just around the corner of the calendar again! Are you beginning to make at least mental lists of school clothes needs? I know I am. Here's a good suggestion someone gave me: Take your child of six or over along with you on short shopping tours. If you're buying materials for dresses or blouses, for example, let the child have a voice in the selections. If he makes an unwise choice, explain its unwisdom. This serves as a liberal buying education.

THERE is an immediate problem now concerning my three-year-old son. Shall I send him to a nursery school this fall or shall I wait a year or two? Almost all the older people whom I meet tell me that they feel that school for a child so young forces him too much, mentally and physically. As far as my own experience goes, I sent my small daughter to a nursery school when she was three and went through several weeks of heartache, as she cried every time I left her. She had wanted to be with me and to have me entertain her continually. After a few weeks of school her curiosity was aroused by many things: she became absorbed in different types of block building, colored crayons; and, best of all, for the first time in her life, she loved playing with other children.

In a big city like New York, it's difficult to get young children out of doors enough every day. The modern nursery schools have roof and yard playgrounds with all the proper equipment for physical and psychological development. Then I believe firmly that children must learn to get along with little people their own size. A mother never really abandons some prejudice for her own child. A fine teacher doesn't interfere with the youngsters unless it's absolutely necessary. After writing this, I think I've fully persuaded myself that Buzzie will go to a nursery school! Maybe later I'll tell you whether my decision has had successful results.



THESE days I'm enjoying driving an almost-new little car with every gadget, including a radio. It's a novel sensation, as for a long time I've coaxed along an open roadster of forgotten vintage that I bought for forty-five dollars. I have great respect for the new car, but not yet the affection I felt for my little antique.

THERE are two jobs connected with the present administration which I certainly do not covet, but for which I have great respect, and I admire the two women who hold these positions tremendously. I am referring to my father's private secretary, Miss Marguerite A. Le Hand, and my mother's secretary, Mrs. Malvina Thompson Scheider. They have filled these positions for a long time and have therefore become members of our family circle—"Missy" and "Tommy."

They must be on call from early morning until the urgent work of the day is finished, sometimes quite late at night.

They are continually besieged with requests for personal favors and "inside" information. When we younger members of the family are not in Washington to help out with entertaining, they must, in addition to their regular work, assist in receiving and making guests feel at home.

I think that by the time my family goes back to private life Miss Le Hand and Mrs. Scheider will be fully equipped to apply for the highest positions in diplomatic circles.

THIS week's recipe from the White House is for a dessert which all but the very tiny members of the family may eat.

Incidentally, it gets some of that quart-of-milk-a-day down a child's throat! And I'd give it to young children without the whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN CREAM

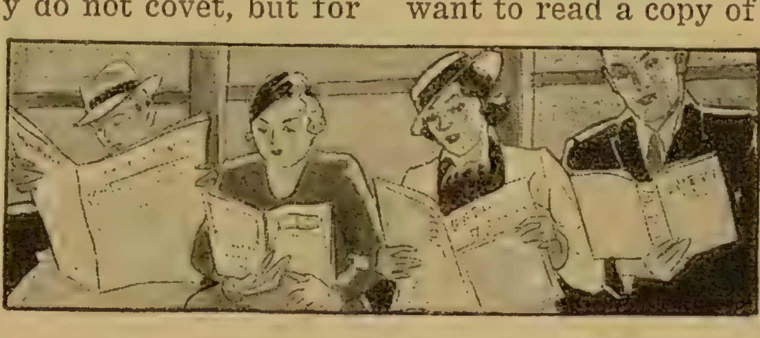
2 tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 pint scalded milk
4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
½ pint heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
salt
3 squares chocolate

Soak the gelatine in cold water until soft. Make a custard of egg yolks, milk, sugar, and flavoring. Stir the softened gelatine into hot custard. When the gelatine has dissolved, strain and cool. Whip the cream and fold it in as the mixture congeals. Pour mixture in mold. When cold, serve with whipped cream.

ADVICE to the work-worn! Many people will be getting their vacations the last weeks in August, taking advantage of the long Labor Day week-end. Remember how much benefit each sun ray holds for you and how you'll be longing for them all winter! And don't cram those two weeks full of indoor social engagements! I always feel that it takes one week of the two to begin to feel really relaxed and out-of-harness.

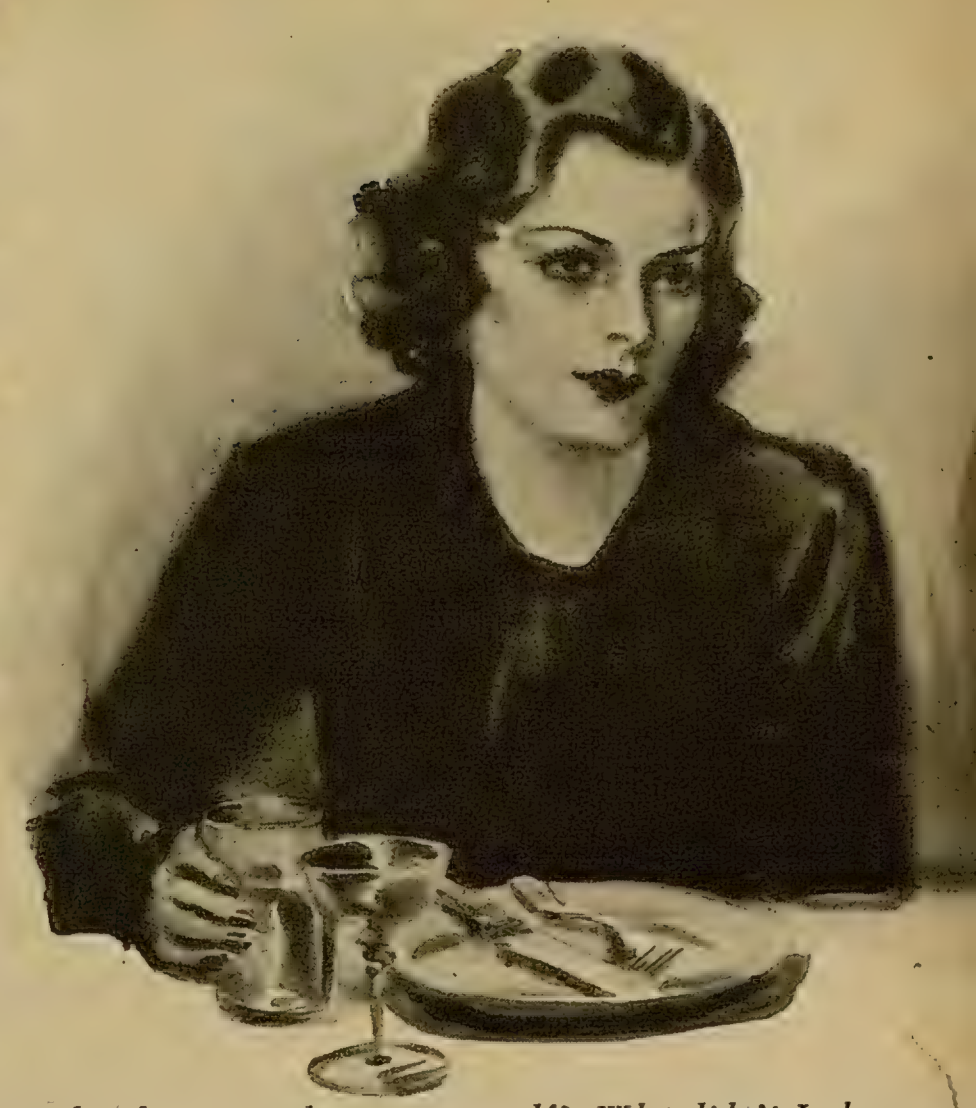
DO you have a feline curiosity to see what people are reading? I do! I always want to know what part of a newspaper or magazine they enjoy most, what books are on the living-room table, what magazines come to the house regularly. If I see someone reading an interesting-looking book—on the subway, for example—I want to read a copy of that book, too. And I've thought of a new kind of job.

Why not get a publisher to give board and keep and subway or street-car fare to anyone who will read his books avidly all day long on these public conveyances? A most delightful way to spend a day and earn a livelihood!



Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Pretty SADIE McKEE



"What have you done to yourself? Why didn't I always know that you were the most beautiful girl in the world?"

(Reading time: 31 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee and her battle to find love and happiness. Born in the little town of Richley where her mother had been housekeeper for the Aldersons, the leading family, but who later went out doing " day work," Sadie falls in love with Tommy Wallace, a gas-station employee. When Tommy loses his job she accompanies him to New York, promising her mother they will be married. Instead Tommy deserts her for Dolly Merrick, a blues singer in vaudeville, and Sadie finds a job in a Harlem cabaret where she meets Jack Brennan, millionaire contractor, and marries him. Brennan drinks heavily but she cures him. She has never loved Brennan and a Reno divorce is arranged. Gilbert Fenlon, Brennan's best friend, tells Sadie that no other woman would have treated Jack so squarely. Sadie goes to Bermuda with her mother but all her thoughts are with Tommy Wallace. She meets Blake Wellington, Broadway playboy, who wants to marry her, but she refuses, but allows him to accompany her to theaters and night clubs. They return one night from the theater to find Hattie, Sadie's maid, waiting anxiously for her in the living room of her apartment.

PART SEVEN—THE ALDERSON DINNER

"WHY, Mrs. Brennan, they phoned from your mother's house. It seems your mother is real sick," replied Hattie.

"Who phoned?"

"A servant, Mrs. Brennan."

Sadie ran into her bedroom, tearing her clothes off as she ran. The maid followed and swiftly laid out a tailored suit and its accessories. Then she began to pack a small bag.

"Shall I go with you, Mrs. Brennan?"

"No."

Blake came to the door and called, "What can I do, Sadie?"

"You can scram and do it quickly."

"Oh, Sadie, you'll need me."

"For what?"

"I must go with you."

She did not bother to answer. He would love something like this. His name in the paper. "Sadie McKee Brennan rushes to bedside of mother. Blake Wellington accompanies her."

"Sadie."

"Oh, get the hell away from that door!"

He was still standing there when she threw the door open and rushed past him.

"Sadie."

"What do you want?"

"Do you know when there's a train?"

She stared at him. "Oh, a train," she said dully. She had forgotten that she couldn't just keep running till she reached her mother. "I—I—want an airplane."

"You'd have to go to Jersey to get a plane. That would be a delay."

"Well, get me something. Don't just stand there and argue with me."

He went to the phone. He seemed to be talking for ages. Then suddenly he said, "Come on." She ran with him down a dozen flights of stairs and out into the night.

They were in his car in a jiffy. He was talking to his chauffeur and they were roaring down the street, past red lights and policemen.

"We'll just make it," she heard him say. "Can't I, please, go with you, Sadie?"

"No! No!"

She was in a train at last and it was moving. She was aware of Blake standing on the platform and waving at her. He was shouting, "I hope you find her improved."

She said, "Thanks." It had been wonderful of him to get her down to the station so quickly. It was surprising, too. One wouldn't expect Blake to understand the anguish of every lost minute.

Sometime later somebody showed her a clipping: "When Sadie McKee Brennan rushed to the bedside of her sick mother, it was Blake (Gorgeous Girl) Wellington who got her from Sutton Place to Grand Central in three and a half minutes. That boy seems to know the people who count."

Sadie smiled wanly when she read it. Poor Blake. He had publicized himself right out of the little place in her heart which she had given him in recognition of that wild ride to Grand Central Station.

Sadie ran up the steps of the brick house and tapped on the door. She did not want to ring the bell. Perhaps her mother had fallen into a soothing slumber.

Josephine Harris, her mother's cook and lifelong friend, came to the door. Even in the dim radiance cast by a street lamp Sadie could see that the woman was pale and that her eyes were red with weeping. Icy fingers of despair clutched at Sadie's heart. The gallant

The Story of Another "Bad Girl"

By VIÑA DELMAR

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

little soul who had been her mother was gone. She was too late.

"Oh, Sadie, I'm glad you've come!"

"Is she—is she all right?"

"They say she's got to go, Sadie. There's nothing can be done. They've done everything. Oh, it's terrible." Tears ran unchecked down the plump red face.

Sadie turned away and hurried toward the stairs.

"She's not there, dear. She's in the hospital where she went for an operation. I knew you'd come, so I waited here for you."

Sadie stared at her. "Operation?" she gasped. "What operation? Is there anybody here to drive the car? I can't drive, can you?"

"Bob is out in the garage getting the car. He ran out the minute you came, Sadie. We can go."

HATLESS and coatless the big woman followed Sadie's flying footsteps around to the garage. Breathlessly and with intermittent sobs she answered Sadie's questions as they drove to the hospital.

"She didn't want you to know about the operation, Sadie, till it was all over. She said to me, 'Josie,' she said, 'my Sadie's had enough trouble with her divorce and everything. We won't let her know anything about this operation.' Always thinking about other people, she was."

"I know," Sadie said.

They were at the hospital now. It was Richley's pride and joy. A huge gray-stone building that looked cold and brutal even in sunlight. It was squat and broad and had no grass or even trees around it.

Sadie was out of the car before it had come to a complete stop. The hospital's entrance hall was dark save for a tiny bulb shining above the elevator door and the small patch of bright light cast downward by a green glass shade upon the desk of the receiving nurse.

"How is Mrs. McKee?" Sadie asked. "I want to see her. I'm her daughter."

The nurse looked at her with interest. The nights were very monotonous in Richley's hospital. So this was Sadie McKee Brennan? Well, well, well! It was a disappointment that Sadie wasn't wearing any jewelry, but you can't have everything, and this really was Sadie McKee Brennan.

"Mrs. McKee," Sadie said. "She's here, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes. Just go on up to the third floor."

A SLEEPY Negro in a dark-blue denim uniform materialized out of the shadows and stepped into the elevator. Sadie followed him. She had forgotten Josephine, who was still wheezing up the flat stone steps outside.

On the third floor there was another nurse at a desk.

"Can I see Mrs. McKee?"

"Oh," answered the nurse brightly. "Are you her daughter?"

"Yes," said Sadie wearily. "I'm Sadie McKee Brennan."

"Will you just wait a minute, please? I think you can see her. Her doctor's with her. Just a minute."

Sadie looked at the clock on the nurse's desk. It was almost half past three and "her doctor was with her."

The nurse came bustling back. A man walked behind her. A tall elderly man with broad shoulders and gray hair.

"You're Miss McKee?" he asked Sadie briskly. "I'm Dr. Huntley. I'm glad you came."

"How is she, doctor?"

"Her condition is very grave. That's why I had you notified."

The elevator door opened and Josephine and Bob the chauffeur appeared. They seated themselves on a bench and looked at the doctor with solemn, respectful eyes. He glanced at them and then back at Sadie.

"Yes," he said, "her condition is very grave."

"Can I see her?"

"Oh, certainly."

They started down the corridor. Suddenly he stopped and faced Sadie.

"She is unconscious," he said. "But even so it would be unwise to give full play to your emotions."

Sadie gave him a withering glance. "I have no emotions," she said.

They walked on and finally came to a small white room. It was faintly lighted by a dim and shaded bulb. Sadie was surprised to see two men sitting in the corner by the window. They were Josephine's husband and the gardener, Sam. They nodded to her but dared not speak, and Sadie saw that each held a handkerchief in his hand.

Another stiffly starched nurse was at the bedside. She moved away now and gave her place to Sadie. Sadie looked down at her mother. She had steeled herself to see her mother's gentle face replaced by a mask of agony. She was unprepared to look upon a sleeping child. The little turned-up nose and the firm chin, those were her mother's features, but there was something almost elfin in the calm, untroubled face and the loose, tumbled hair on the pillow.

She thought of the little house by the railroad tracks and of the indomitable courage it had taken to keep that little house going. Fifty cents an hour the town had paid her mother to sweep, scrub, and polish from morn to night. Year in, year out, the sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing had gone on. No complaints. No bitterness. A cheerful smile, a sympathetic word, and her curiously youthful laughter. That had been Sadie's mother. Now there was plenty of money, but she was dying.

Through the hospital window Sadie could see that the sky was beginning to brighten. Just ahead was a break in the deep blueness. She passed a hand wearily across her forehead, and with gestures and a questioning lift of her eyebrows Josephine inquired if she would like to go to sleep for a time. Sadie shook her head. The doctor touched her lightly on the shoulder and motioned her out into the corridor.

"There is nothing you can do," he said. "Why don't you get a little rest?"

"I'm not tired."

"You wouldn't have to go home. There's an empty room right in here."

"No, thanks. She might wake up and ask for me."

The doctor said nothing for a moment, then: "The nurse would call you."

"No, thanks."

Sadie looked at her watch. It was half past five. The sky was a sullen gray now and the town was beginning to stir. Somewhere a bird was singing his cheerful morning song, automobiles were passing by, and a new, lively rustle could be heard in the hospital corridors.

Suddenly Sadie's heart gave a convulsive leap. Her mother was moving. She jumped to her feet, but the doctor and nurse were suddenly between her and her mother. She was aware that Josephine and Bob had moved closer to the foot of the bed. The doctor was bending over her mother. The nurse stood ready for an order. Sadie saw her mother's head move slowly from side to side. She saw the small hands rise slightly, and then, so faintly that only in that still room could it have been heard, her mother sighed.

The doctor straightened up. The nurse stepped away from the bedside. Bob and Josephine fell back. Sadie stood watching. Perhaps her mother would live. She had moved. If only she would move again.

JOSEPHINE was following the doctor out of the room. Now she was back, pulling gently at Sadie's arm. Sadie went with her into the corridor.

"Sadie," she said, "you must go to the house. You must get some rest."

Sadie shook her head.

"Oh, yes, dear. You'll make yourself sick. Come on, we'll go back. The doctor said you must."

Sadie stood watching Josephine roll her handkerchief into a wet ball and dab with it at her sore-looking eyes.

She said, "I can't go, Josephine. I wouldn't be here if she wanted me."

"Oh, dearie, she won't want you. It's all over. Just now, when she sighed. That was the end."

Sadie said, "I knew it all along. I don't know who I was trying to kid."

She opened her purse and drew out a handkerchief which she handed to Josephine. Then she rang for the elevator.

There was just one automobile following the hearse to the cemetery. Sadie and her mother's four servants were the only mourners. There were other people gathered at the open grave. Some had known Sadie since her childhood and they walked up to her and said, "It's terrible, Sadie. Such a lovely woman." Others stood by and stared at Sadie McKee Brennan. The local paper had carried an account of her mother's death, seeming to welcome it as an excuse for rehashing the details of Sadie's marriage and divorce. Sadie didn't blame the local paper. The metropolitan papers had done the same thing. Only it gave her an insane desire to commit murder when she looked at the gaping curiosity seekers gathered around her mother's grave.

The last bit of earth had been replaced now and people were scattering. It had been a disappointment after all. Sadie McKee Brennan had worn no diamonds, and that millionaire, Wellington, whom she was now engaged to marry, hadn't appeared.

Josephine took Sadie's hand. "Come, darling."

"No. You go. I'll be along later."

"I'll stay here with you."

"No. Go home. I want to be here alone."

Sadie was not yet alone. Three women waited behind and to the left of her. She was aware that a man stood directly on the other side of the blanket of flowers.

She turned and said to the women, "What do you want?"

One of the women answered, "We knew your mother."

"Did you?" She looked at their faces coldly and steadily. They murmured vaguely and disappeared up the tree-shaded path.

SHE looked across the flowers at the man and was startled to see that he was Gilbert Fenlon.

"Hello, Gilbert."

"Hello, Sadie." He came around and took her hand. "I want to tell you how sorry I am."

"Thank you. How do you happen to be here?"

"I am visiting the Aldersons."

"Oh."

"Mr. Alderson and Michael and of course Mrs. Alderson want me to say how sorry they are."

"Why did you come here?"

"To visit with— Oh, you mean *here*." He looked around at the headstones and crosses. "Why, I didn't know her, Sadie, but she was your mother."

"It was nice of you, Gil, and if you had known her you would have come for *her*, not because she was anybody's mother."

"I believe that, Sadie."

"Don't think I'm not grateful, but—would you go now?"

"Of course. I understand."

He went away and left her standing alone at her mother's grave. There were things she had wanted to tell her mother. Things which, when they had faced each other, she had found impossible to word. She wished desperately that she had been able, just once, to hug her mother fondly and say, "Darling, you've been wonderful. I know every single, solitary thing you've done for me and I'm grateful." But words were so silly and so treacherous. You got them all lined up and then you said them and they sounded false and unreal, like words spoken on a stage.

She looked down at the new grave and whispered, "Darling mother, you've been wonderful. I know—"

There was no reason to linger in Richley. Sadie lay on the sofa in the living room of the brick house and thought of trains to New York. There was no reason to linger in Richley and there was no reason ever to return there again.

Her mind dwelt for a fleeting second on the people in town who might have called and who hadn't. And during that second the doorbell rang. Or did it? Sadie was doubtful. Coming just at that moment, she was willing to believe that her imagination had tricked her. But then it rang again and she could hear Harris in the hall opening the door.

He came into the living room. "It's a man to see you, Sadie."

"A newspaper man?"

"I don't think so."

"All right." She got up from the couch and walked to the foyer. Harris could have found out more concerning the caller, but he was too upset today to remember the manner in which you questioned a stranger before announcing him.

Sadie found Gilbert Fenlon standing in the foyer.

"Hello," she said. "I thought sure you were going to turn out to be a newspaper man."

"No. I'm sorry."

"I'm not. Come on in."

She turned and led the way back to the living room.

"Sadie, I'm awfully sorry that I have to keep hounding you all day long. You probably feel like having me put out."

"If I did I would have you put out."

He smiled. "I guess you would at that. I've been sent to you with an invitation, Sadie. The Aldersons want you to come up and have dinner with them tonight."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Mrs. Alderson knew you'd say that right away. That's why she didn't phone and ask you. However, she thought I could persuade you if I spoke to you in person."

"No. I couldn't go. Really I couldn't."

"Listen, Sadie. You have to eat dinner somewhere, don't you?"

"I'll eat here."

"All alone?"

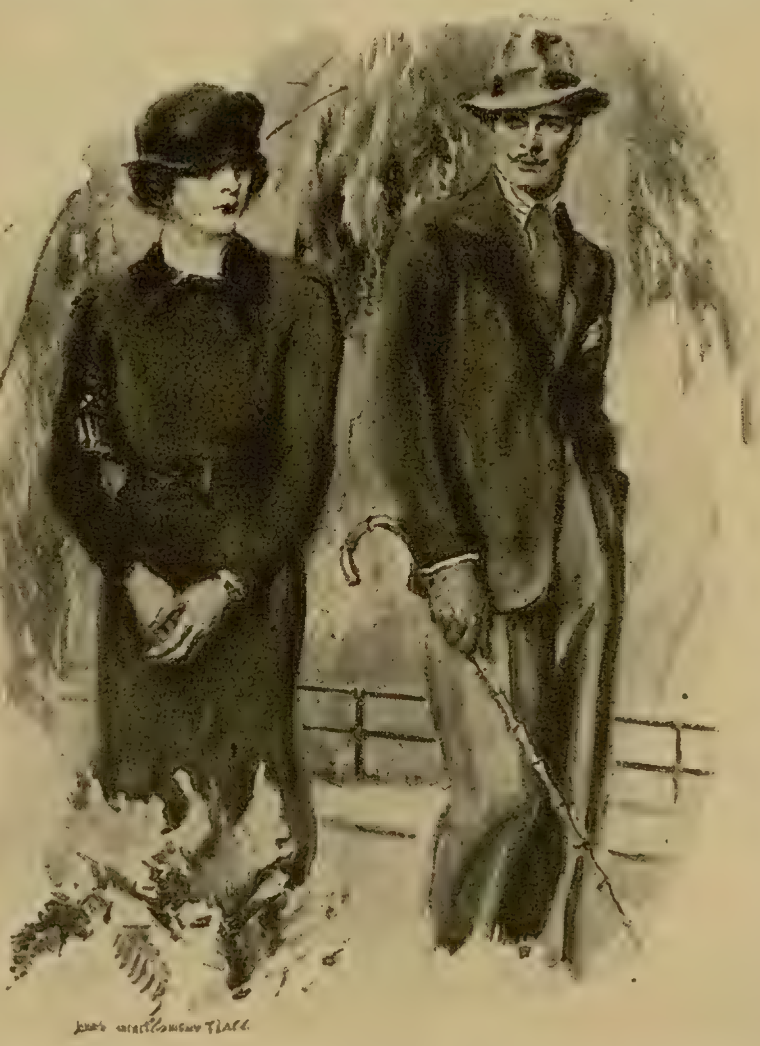
"I'd sooner eat alone than with a party tonight."

"There's no party, Sadie. I'm the only one visiting the Aldersons."

"Oh."

"Won't you come, Sadie?"

There was no desire in Sadie's heart to dine with Gilbert and the Aldersons. Only dinner with Blake Wellington tonight would have appealed to her less. It was not an unwillingness to hurt their feelings which held her back from saying a flat "No" to Gilbert. She cared little for so pampered and unimportant an insubstantiality as a person's feelings. It was something else that held her back. It was a conviction that her mother would be very pleased to have her dining with the Aldersons.



She looked across the flowers at the man and was startled to see that he was Gilbert Fenlon.

Mrs. Alderson came downstairs to meet Sadie. She was a dark-haired woman just on the verge of being a stylish stout. She had bright brown eyes and small beautifully shaped hands. Her face was a pretty face, discreetly rouged and powdered, and it took little imagination to guess that she had been the pick of the débutantes some twenty-odd years before. Sadie remembered that she had been the widow of a titled Englishman when Mr. Alderson had married her. She had brought her English servants to this house and Sadie's mother had left it, looking crushed and bewildered. She was smiling at Sadie now and holding out her hand to her, as Gilbert joined them.

"My dear," she was saying, "how nice of you to come."

Sadie took her hand but she said nothing because she could think of nothing to say.

"GILBERT has told us so much about you," Mrs. Alderson continued. "Of course Michael and his father are old friends of yours, but I never had a chance to know you."

She paused to see if Sadie had managed to think up a gracious reply to either of her own nice friendly speeches. She waited several seconds, but hearing nothing plunged on, wondering if Sadie was a deaf-mute or just stunned by the death of her mother.

"Let us go in the solarium, shall we? Everybody loves to sit around in there."

They followed her to the solarium. The wall of glass was different now than it had been in the first Mrs. Alderson's day. It was a scientifically treated glass through which the sun's rays could freely pour, burning and tanning you. Sadie didn't know that it was different. It looked exactly the same.

Michael and his father rose from their chessboard as the ladies entered. Mr. Alderson looked a lot older, Sadie thought. Maybe it was because she had been picturing him as she had seen him in her childhood.

He said, "Well, Sadie. It's nice to see you. Sit down."

She sat down because he had said that she should. You always did as he said. God looked like Mr. Alderson. God had blue eyes and a slightly pointed nose and was a trifle stoop-shouldered. She had learned in her babyhood that God and Mr. Alderson must never be displeased or else something terrible would happen. You were always to remember to thank God and Mr. Alderson for every nice thing that happened to you, and if things went wrong it was because God and Mr. Alderson in their inscrutable wisdom saw that it was best for things to go wrong.

"I hear you got married, Sadie."

"Yes, Mr. Alderson."

He had heard that she had been divorced too, and that her mother had been buried that day, but he thought that these things were better left unmentioned.

MICHAEL said, "Hello, Sadie," and grinned at her pleasantly. She said hello and smiled. It surprised her to discover that he was a very handsome young man. He had always looked very much the same as he looked now, but she had not known he was handsome until she had seen hundreds of other men. She wondered how it was that she had had to grow up before she could appreciate Michael's good looks but had known at once that Tommy was handsome. Perhaps it was because Tommy had yellow hair and broad shoulders that your attention was drawn to him right away. You could be whizzing around on a carrousel, thinking of your income tax, and still notice Tommy in a crowd. With Michael it was different. You had to look at him for years and then go away and look at other men and come back and look at Michael again before you knew that he was handsome.

He was tall and slim, with the strength and agility of a young Indian, and his face was a fine delicately molded face. But there was no nonsense about that face's delicacy. It wasn't girlish. You thought, when you looked at Michael Alderson, of stories you had heard when you were a kid. Stories of those men in armor who fought like lions and wept at an unkind word.

"Well, Sadie," Mr. Alderson demanded, "do you notice many changes in the town?"

"Not so many."

"Is this your first trip back since you left?"

"No. I've been back a few times."

"I don't see how you can stand living in New York. It's all right for a holiday, to see the shows and everything, but I don't see how you can live there."

"I'm used to it," Sadie said.

"Well, they claim a person even gets used to hanging."

A silence fell then during which Mr. Alderson looked from Gilbert to Michael and back to Gilbert again as though to say, "Well, I tried talking to her. Now it's your turn."

Michael said, "We were all so surprised when Gil said he'd met you in New York."

"Were you?" Sadie asked. She wondered if Gilbert had ever told them the exact details of that meeting.

"I suppose it's because we are Richley hicks that we were surprised," Michael continued. "We always think of New York being so huge and terrifying that people get lost there."

"They do," Sadie said, and everybody laughed, though she had not intended to be funny.

Gilbert was bending over a small table extinguishing his cigarette in a flat bronze ash tray. "I met Sadie," he said, "just the night before she was married. Jack Brennan is a very dear pal of mine and he introduced me to her. You can imagine my surprise when she said she was from Richley."

Gilbert straightened up and his eyes met Sadie's. She looked away from him. She didn't like that sort of thing at all. A person ought to tell the whole truth or else keep quiet.

Michael said, "I'll bet Sadie was surprised to meet a person who'd heard of Richley."

"And, all in all," Mr. Alderson said abruptly, as though he was quite fed up with such a sorry attempt at conversation, "everybody was surprised." He pushed a press button in the wall behind him. "Let's have some cocktails."

"And a good thought it is, too," Gilbert said.

Over the cocktails a conversation at last sprang up and flourished. The Aldersons and Gilbert had apparently decided that Sadie would not help them with small talk, so they gave up aiming their remarks at her. Sadie was satisfied. It was so much nicer just to sit and listen and not be expected to talk.

She sat next to Michael at the dinner table. He said, "I remember that you always were a silent little thing. Would you like me to do all of the talking or most of the talking or no talking at all?"

She smiled and looked cautiously around at the other three people. "Michael," she whispered, "did they do over the servants' quarters?"

He nodded. "All in white and imitation Colonial furniture."

"Sounds nice," she said.

"Looks nice." They smiled at each other. "You're a nice girl, Sadie."

"Why?"

"How should I know why?"

"You know what I mean. Why do you say that?"

"Because you care about the servants' quarters."

"I should think I would care about them. I lived in them long enough."

Michael looked up to assure himself that Gilbert was still interesting the older people, then he said, "And to think you've divorced one millionaire and you're about to marry another."

"I'm not about to marry another."

"I heard that you and Blake Wellington—"

"It's the bunk."

"Oh. How long are you staying in Richley, Sadie?"

"I'm going home tonight or tomorrow morning."

"Can't you stay a while?"

"No. I've got things to do back home."

"May I look you up when I come to New York again?"

"Sure, if you'd like to."

"I'd like to very much. Tell me something, Sadie. What have you done to yourself? Why didn't I always know that you were the most beautiful girl in the world?"

SHE didn't have to answer him because at that moment Mr. Alderson turned to Michael and asked, "Why didn't you tell us about Lennie Garland's book? We didn't even know he was writing one."

Michael became engaged in the conversation with the others and Sadie let her mind wander away. Life was very strange indeed. She and Michael had never known till now that the other was an attractive person. But somebody else had known. When Michael and Sadie were still children her mother had seen beauty in them both and had dreamed that they would find it in each other. And on this night of all nights, when her mother had gone to her new rest beneath the stars, Sadie and Michael had looked at each other and had seen something they had not before observed.

At half past ten Gilbert drove Sadie home, and the Aldersons sat in their living room waiting for him to return.

"A most peculiar girl," Mrs. Alderson remarked. "You would never have guessed that her mother had been buried today. Not a tear, not a sign of grief. I'll confess that such unnatural behavior makes me uncomfortable."

"Yes, it's unnatural all right," Mr. Alderson agreed. "And the other name for it is fortitude. I knew her whole family; they were all like that."

"Were they?" Mrs. Alderson queried politely.

"Her mother was a game little woman and her father lived by sheer will power three months after the doctor said he had only a few hours."

"Well, when my mother died I wasn't fit to dine out for months."

MICHAEL laughed. "I know what's bothering you. You were all set to give the consolation treatment and you're disappointed."

"I thought at first that her silence was caused by her sadness, but I asked Gilbert and he said that she was always silent."

"Yes, she is," Michael said. "We played together when we were kids, and even then she only spoke when she had something to say."

"Well, she must have been a very companionable wife. By the way, what Brennan is that she was married to?"

Mr. Alderson laughed.

"I can't say one thing about Sadie that will convince you that she's all right, Claire. The Brennan she was married to is John Francis Brennan who in his early days was a hod carrier."

"Well, that's fitting and proper," Mrs. Alderson responded. "After all, her mother was a servant."

"Yes," Mr. Alderson said. "And the best one I ever had, too."

Michael chuckled. "That's a point for you, father. Come on, Aunt Claire, get that ball back."

Mrs. Alderson arose. "I don't think I'll wait up for Gilbert," she said. "Please tell him I said good night."

Gilbert was saying good-by to Sadie at the door of the brick house. He was sailing for Europe at the end of the week.

"Will you see Jack?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Give him my regards, will you?"

"Sure I will."

"What do you hear from him?"

"He's in Vienna and he's not drinking. He said in his last letter—" Gilbert broke off abruptly.

"What did he say?"

"He said that every time he thinks of what you went through with him, he hates liquor more."

"I hope he marries again and finds happiness."

"So do I. I hope you find happiness, too, Sadie."

"Oh, sure I will." There was a moment's silence and then she spoke again: "Good-by, Gilbert. Good luck."

"Same to you, Sadie. Always."

She went up the steps and let herself into the house.

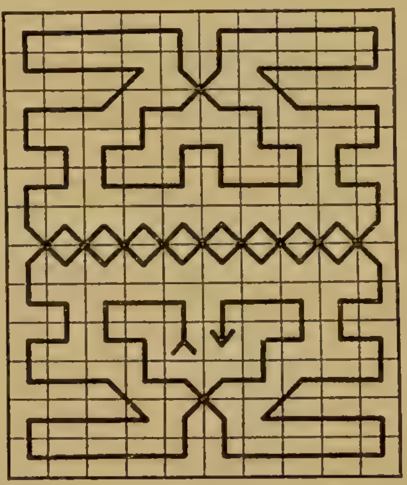
Sadie was not surprised when Michael Alderson presented himself at her apartment four days after she had left Richley.

"I came down to see Gilbert off," he said, "and I thought I'd say hello to you before leaving town. Do you mind?"

In next week's installment you will read of the part Michael Alderson is to play in the life of another "Bad Girl."

YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message: The famous German woman spy, Mata Hari, was captured through an intercepted wireless code message, deciphered by a clever British cryptographer.

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

Jessica Dragonette

"CLEOPATRA wouldn't last a month on Broadway," wrote a radio fan to Jessica Dragonette, who has lasted seven years on the air and is still going strong. To her the fickle fans are faithful. One of them in Detroit has trained a parrot to yell, "Here comes Jessica!" at the first sound of her voice.

People send her all kinds of presents. The most unique, perhaps, is a gift from a man who makes coffins. He carved her a picture frame out of his coffin metal, with N.B.C. and WEAF emblazoned on it in great big letters.

Jessica told me that she was born in Calcutta, India. Told me she likes radio singing better than stage singing because people can't see her face over the radio. At first I couldn't understand. Her face is charming. She's a piquant blonde, pretty, slim, and youthful.

"I think singers should be invisible," she explained. "It's the voice that counts. The less people know about the singer the more the voice stimulates their imagination."

A repertoire of six hundred songs enables her to sing for six months without repeating. She sings in English, French, German, Spanish, and Hungarian.

Remember that play, The Miracle? In it an angelic voice made heavenly music off stage. The unseen angel was Jessica.

A YOUNG GIRL in a white dress lights the first fire in every new blast furnace at the Pittsburgh steel mills. Like a vestal virgin ministering to holy fires of ancient times, this maiden of the mills gives the new furnace its name, christening it as though it were a ship. Old Andrew Carnegie was the only steel king who numbered his furnaces instead of naming them. Furnaces with names were too sentimental for him.

That's one of the things I've just learned during my first visit to Pittsburgh! Fascinating city!

The inside of a steel mill is rich with strange colors and fabulous patterns. Schiaparelli would love it; it would inspire her to amazing style creations—but the chances are that she wouldn't get in. I blow my horn to the tune of being one of the few women ever allowed to tramp through, asking questions right and left.

They even let me pull a lever that tossed a four-ton ingot of molten steel. What a thrill!

STATESMEN everywhere encourage newlyweds to increase the population. In Turkey, Mustapha Kemal has put a stop to the old Turkish custom of wedding lamentation—wedding guests in Turkey used to bewail the fate of the virgin bride. To boost the Italian birth rate Mussolini has slapped a tax on bachelors. Hitler now grants a government subsidy to German girls who go in for marriage and babies instead of independent careers. Some say these statesmen enact such laws because they are anxious to provide their countries with future soldiers. That may be. The greater the population the larger the army.

But I am not writing this with militarism in mind, or antimilitarism. I'm writing this as a tribute to the artistic instincts of the Chinese. To encourage the increase of *their* population, the Chinese do not enact laws, impose taxes, or offer bribes.

They embroider bedquilts.

On their wedding day Chinese newlyweds are presented with a beautiful bedquilt. The quilt is intricately embroidered, the design being made up of a thousand little faces—the faces of a thousand pretty babies.

Mathematically extravagant perhaps, but the right spirit is there. In a very artistic way it says, "Good luck—and more power to you."

HERE'S a new fish dinner for Friday—my own recipe. I call it Sole Sebastian.

On 4 fillets of sole (or flounder) sprinkle a few drops lemon juice and place the fillets in a flat fireproof dish. In another pan melt 1 tablespoon butter, adding 1 level tablespoon flour, a pinch of paprika, and a speck of nutmeg. Cook 4 minutes, stirring gently, then add 1 can mushroom soup and cook a few minutes more. Now put in 1 tablespoon sour cream and pour the sauce over the fish. Sift 1 tablespoon grated cheese on top and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with parsley potatoes and a salad of cold green peas and asparagus tips (French dressing).

BLACK BAGDAD'S the best book I've read about romantic Haiti and the voodoo witch doctors. United States Marine Captain John H. Craige wrote it. (Minton, Balch & Company.)

I HAVE good news for you if you are one of those unfortunate vacationists who just cannot keep out of poison ivy. Dr. Fred Maisel, New York research medico, is perfecting a method of immunizing people against the virulent weed. You take a few baths in poison-ivy extract, and you're immune. With this good news comes a word of warning. The "cure" is still in an experimental stage. Don't try it on yourself. That's dangerous. Try it only under the advice of a reliable physician.

NO more athletic shoulders for the well dressed girl. Those fat sleeves and epaulets are definitely finished. Paris is now sponsoring variations of the raglan sleeve. We're going back to the sleek, neat shoulder. Autumn dresses, I hear, will feature sashes tied on the left side. I have seen one sample—a gorgeous sash of garnet satin on a night-blue woolen dress.

FAITH

THE STORY OF ELMIRA

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Decoration by HOWARD ARNOLD

(Reading time: 15 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE story of Elmira is one of faith—faith in America, faith in its government, its people, its resources.

Elmira, the tenth city of New York, is the first city in the land to fight its way up out of the depression. Elmira has faith—and faith is bringing prosperity back to it.

People smile in Elmira. They buy good clothes. They buy good automobiles. They pack the theaters. They do not haggle over prices. Many of them have gone back to work after months and years of idleness. Many of them are giving part-time jobs to others.

The story of Elmira is a study in mass psychology, the story of an experiment made by Liberty.

Liberty believed, and believes now, that the long depression was inspired by fear; that the talk of "overproduction" was unsound; that all America needed to bring Prosperity around her corner was courage and faith.

"Come in and talk to Sherman Rogers," an editor of Liberty phoned me, "and get ready to go to Elmira."

I talked to Sherman Rogers for several hours. A man hammered hard out of adversities and fights, a writer, a talker, a settler of strikes, a man who believes in people, a man with faith unshakable, an economist, a scholar.

"There isn't any overproduction," he said. "There never was. There was no reason for this ridiculous depression except timidity and ignorance, and lack of faith."

He talked of there being three sides to every question—your side of it, his side of it, and the right side of it.

He talked of little towns and big where men were out of work, where families were starving needlessly, where factories and stores and theaters were closed, where banks were crammed with money. He showed me figures, but I waved them away.

"A man can prove anything with figures," I said. "Give me facts."

"You'll get your facts in Elmira," he said. "We chose Elmira for our experiment. It is a typical American city of fifty or sixty thousand. Eighty-five per cent of its citizens are American born. It is a manufacturing city, and has been as hard hit as any other city in the land.

"Its principal manufactures are fire engines and farm machinery. For both it depends on Detroit and the automobile trade. Detroit is broke, and the automobile trade has suffered. You can't make a living selling fire engines to municipalities—so many of them can't pay. Nor can you earn much selling farming implements.

"I went to Elmira last April, and I preached faith. For a time I got nowhere. Through the Rev. Albert G. Cornwell of the Park Congregational Church I did get audiences. They didn't jeer. They were interested but doubtful. But after I put a banker on the stand and made him admit there was more money in his vaults than there had ever been in his lifetime, they began to believe there might be something in what I said.

"What did I say? I told them to take the money out of the banks, out of strong boxes or socks or mattresses, and go buy the things they needed.

"I told them that a circulating dollar made prosperity, while a stagnant dollar made a country sick. I reminded them that the country was born of courage, fostered on courage, made the greatest country in the world on courage—courage and faith.

"After I left I sent DeLoss W. Walker and Eric Palmer to preach the gospel of faith. They have done a good job. But don't take my word for it. Go see for yourself."

At two o'clock the next morning I was registering in the Mark Twain Hotel in Elmira. I went to sleep a skeptic.

At nine o'clock I was being shaved. I asked the barber how business was in Elmira. His answer astonished me.

"For the last two months," he said, "it's been wonderful. I shave a lot of the merchants in this town. They're optimistic. They tell me their sales have increased. There's a Recovery Crusade going on here, but I don't know whether that has anything to do with it."

Until noon I walked the streets, going into little stores and big stores, asking "How's business?"

In only one place was I told that "business is lousy." That was in a store that specialized in typewriters and accessories. Everywhere else the proprietors and clerks said trade was getting better and better all the time.

At noon I visited the Star-Gazette, and talked to Fred Breese, who has "covered" the crusade for his paper.

"I'm still a skeptic," I said. "Are you?"

"No," he said. "The crusade is accomplishing good work. There's lots of money in this town and the people are spending it. You see it everywhere. And there's a spirit in this town that's new—a spirit you can't define but can feel. It's a spirit of confidence, I'd say. Faith."

Rogers, Dr. Cornwell, and others had formed an organization that embraced all classes of people in the city. And the organization was functioning well. The steering committee it appointed represented the bankers, the merchants, the churches, the lodges, the laborers, the lawyers, the business men of all kinds, the home owners, the charity institutions, the women's clubs, and the press.

"Rogers and Walker and Palmer," Breese said, "preached only the intangible. The Association of Commerce thought there should be something tangible too, so they hooked up an odd-job campaign to the crusade. They had a lot of post cards printed and sent them to everybody in town. People who want a man to clean the cellar, or mow the lawn, or carry out ashes, or paint the front porch, or fix the front steps send back these cards, and men are sent them.

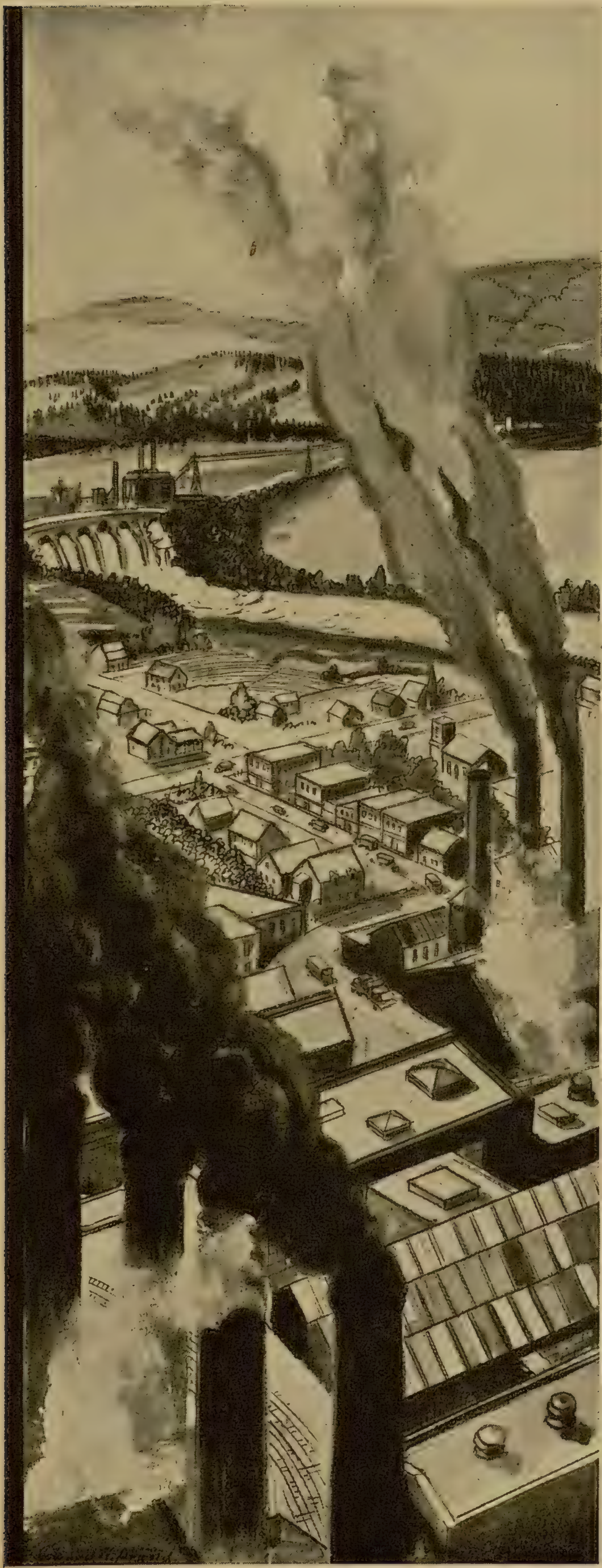
"Then, too, Harlan Griswold, whose father runs the First National, has started a Youths' Movement. Boys and girls just out of high school and college are doing all they can to help. Why don't you go to see Dr. Cornwell? And see Frederic H. Hill, president of the Elmira Light, Heat, and Power Company, and Athel D. Merrill—he's with the Werdenberg gents' furnishings store—and Oscar Monrad of the Association of Commerce."

I saw these men and others. I read reams of literature. I listened to the five-minute radio talks broadcast every day. I saw advertisements in moving-picture theaters. I read the stories in the local newspapers, the Star-Gazette, the Advertiser, and the News.

I began to lose my skepticism.

The Rev. Dr. Cornwell is pastor of the church in which Mark Twain was married. He has been in his pastorate twenty-two years. He knows Elmira better, perhaps, than

An Inspiring Chronicle of the Coming of Better Times—How One City Has Fought Its Way Out of the Depression



any other man. And he has been one of the prime movers of the crusade. Rogers corresponded with him before the first speech was made. Ever since, Dr. Cornwell has worked night and day to bring Elmira back.

" Conditions were rather terrible," he told me. " Thousands of men were out of work. Hundreds of families had to be aided by the city. We saw that nobody starved. But that was about all we could do.

" But now conditions have changed tremendously. Factories and foundries are beginning to hire men. The utilities are giving scores of men one day's work a week.

" After one of the first meetings in the crusade a man got up and said he had been a fool. He had had money in the bank all this time, he said, but he had been afraid to spend any part of it. Now, he said, he was going downtown and buy a new automobile.

" ' My old car is in fairly good condition,' he said. ' But it shows the wear. I'm a man who has bought a car every year. I've driven this one nearly three years. Well —tomorrow I'll buy me a Grade-A one.'

" A man rose up in another part of the room, laughing.

" ' And if your old car's as good as you say,' he said, ' I'll buy it, and quit walking and saving my money.'

" Another man volunteered to buy himself some clothes. He said he was going to spend two hundred dollars. A friend told him to keep his money in the bank.

" ' You're a fool,' the friend said. ' Don't you know the country's going to hell? '

" ' Well,' the man answered, ' if so, we'll all go with it. Anyway, I'll go to hell well dressed.' "

I went to see Frank Timberlake, manager of the J. C. Penny store.

" Prosperity? " he said. " We did more business in May than we did in any month for nearly two years. And June has been better than May. My salesmen and saleswomen are getting bonuses now in addition to their salaries, and if business keeps up I shall have to employ more people.

" It used to be work to wait on trade. The people were ill-tempered, surly, driven to haggle over pennies. Half the time they'd walk out without buying anything.

" BUT what a difference there has been since the crusade started! The same people smile now when they come in. They wait patiently for their turn. They do not always ask the price before they buy. They are determined to buy only the best. Yesterday a man went out before he got his change. That hasn't happened in years.

" Every morning before the store opens I talk to my salespeople. They are full of energy and ambition now. And they're smiling too. So am I. Because I've even applied the teachings of the crusade to my own home. I've called in several handy men to fix up the place. I've put in one new bathroom and tiled the other one. I've had some cement work done. I've improved my property a hundred per cent with a little money that heretofore hadn't been doing any good to me or to anyone else.

" With that money I not only increased the value of my property—I gave men work. Those men spent the money for necessaries and probably taxes. They helped Elmira."

I called on A. D. Merrill, haberdasher.

" I've just put in an order for new stock," he said. " Business is flourishing with me.

" Some time ago a friend of mine came into the store and bought two suits and five shirts. The shirts were seventy cents apiece. The two suits totaled twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents. Now this man had been getting ten thousand dollars a year, but had been cut to sixty-five hundred—which is still a lot of money.

" ' A man in your position,' I said, ' should not buy cheap clothes. At the very least you should pay twenty-five dollars for a suit. And you shouldn't wear seventy-cent shirts. You should pay one fifty or two dollars anyway. If you stint yourself so, what will the twenty-dollar-a-week men do? '

" ' I know all that,' he said. ' But we'll all be wearing rags pretty soon. These will have to do. So long.'

" If people were all like him I couldn't stay in business. But they're not. Not now. A fellow came in a few days ago. He hadn't worked in two years, but he had money enough so that he didn't have to worry. However, he hadn't bought anything in a long time. He bought the best outfits I could sell him.

"'Now,' he said, 'I've got my confidence back again. Strange, how new clothes will affect you, isn't it? You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get me a job. They say there are no jobs—but they're mistaken.'"

Here's what others will tell you:

Frank H. Williams, manager of the James Manufacturing Company, makers of farm equipment: "Business is steadily increasing. May sales show a fifteen-per-cent increase over April. We look for considerable future business from the agricultural West, as farm loans are materially aiding the farmer."

William Schmidt, local manager, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company: "There is a marked improvement in our field. Business has increased about 100 per cent in the past few weeks. Two weeks ago we wrote $123,746 in Elmira. Last week we wrote $201,573."

Michael C. Ramm, manager, Alan Mills, Inc., silk products manufacturers: "We're running full time, day and night. We have increased our employees from 111 in May to 120."

Harry Sherin, Berger & Sherin, silks: "Our plant is on full time, day and night. We have recently installed twenty-eight new machines. We have 154 employees, but expect soon to increase the number to 200."

James D. McCann, treasurer and manager of the Elmira Foundry Company, subsidiary of General Electric: "We're working night and day six days a week. Business has doubled in the last two months."

Arthur C. Hutchinson, chief clerk, Erie Railroad Division Freight Office: "Railroads entering Elmira see an upturn in business. Car loadings out of this city are increasing slowly but surely."

L. H. Vanderslice, manager, Mark Twain Hotel: "Tourist travel has begun. Our position on a direct east-west highway is expected greatly to increase business here this year."

S. F. Iszard, department-store head: "May transactions in our business are 4.4 per cent better than the same period last year."

Charles F. Evans, secretary-treasurer, Evans-Dunton Chevrolet, Inc.: "In May of this year 155 new automobiles were registered in Chemung County, as against 133 last year, an increase of 20 per cent and the first increase for any month this year."

MAYOR W. GLENN SWEET, honorary chairman of the crusade: "Over one hundred families were taken off the needy list last month. Building permits in May were 25 per cent greater than in April. Elmira is on the upgrade."

Frederick W. Swan, president of the Chemung Canal Trust Company, bank: "The 60,000 people in and about Elmira have $30,000,000 in the banks. While they are not touching their savings accounts to any great extent, they are lowering their checking accounts. And the money in circulation is performing miracles."

H. H. Griswold, head of the First National Bank: "The bank has never been in better condition, nor have our clients ever before shown such confidence and trust in the banks. Elmira has become a city of optimists."

William L. McGrath of the Eclipse Machine Co., Clarence H. Kennedy of the Kennedy Valve Co., Raymond W. Nevin of the Thatcher Mfg. Co., Clarence E. Killinger, president and general manager of the Willys-Morrow Co., Douglas G. Anderson of the Morrison Machine Co., and other leaders are preaching optimism.

Robert J. Allen, editor of the News—the policeman who some years ago fought the entire Washington, D. C., Police Department over the matter of third-degreeing prisoners--has volunteered to give an entire issue of his paper to the work of the Recovery Crusade. And the other papers are printing columns and columns of crusade news every day.

Frederic H. Hill was the last man I talked to. I found him in his office. "I'm never too busy to talk about this crusade," he said. "It's a long story and a great story—the story of faith that moved mountains."

Twenty years ago, he said, an itinerant evangelist came to town, preaching hell-fire and destruction of souls.

"He split the town into two parts. One part sheltered the goats, the other the sheep. There was bitter enmity. If a goat saw a sheep going into his bank, he changed his bank. If the goats patronized one store, none of the sheep would be caught living or dead in it.

"Elmira was a house divided against itself, and we knew of no way to unite it. Finally, however, we got the idea. The only thing these people had in common was their love for Elmira. We decided to trade on that.

"We sold Elmira to the Elmirans. We issued thousands of buttons as big as nickels. Everybody was asked to wear one. It bore the initials F. I. E. Those letters meant Faith In Elmira.

"Our campaign made Elmira whole again, and put such a spirit in the town that we had no difficulty in selling the bonds that built the Mark Twain Hotel.

"It is no wonder, then, that Sherman Rogers, DeLoss Walker, and Eric Palmer, preaching faith, should stir up Elmira and bring back its courage, is it?

"They have done great work. We're doing great work in their absence. We're going ahead. Recently I got interested in this odd-job campaign. I told the boys to pick out the families whose service had been cut off—and they made quite a number.

"A PUBLIC utility must stop its service when bills run unpaid for months. Some of these families owed us as much as sixty dollars before we cut off our service. Many of them asked us to stop serving them.

"Well, we selected the heads of the most honest of these families and gave them one day's work a week. We couldn't afford to pay them very much. We gave them three dollars a day. They were glad to get it.

"I went to see them at work one day last week, and I talked to their foreman. He was enthusiastic.

"'They get down here,' he said, 'usually half an hour before the others. They insist on staying as late as they can. They work their darnedest all day long, and they sing, and they laugh, and they talk, talk, talk. You see, they're glad to be together again.'

"'Have they worked together before?' I asked.

"'No. But they're men working with men again, men back in touch with their fellow men. See what I mean?'

"I saw. And I understood for the first time why a friend of mine died the other day. He had been out of work for two years. He had plenty of money. But he sickened and died. The doctors didn't know what caused his death. I do. His case is not strange. There have been many similar cases during the depression. We are just beginning to learn that men die from such a cause.

"The other day a man came in and asked me for a job. He explained that he owned his own home. He had had money enough only to pay the taxes. He had no money for food. I asked him if he had registered with the committee taking care of needy families.

"'Register?' he said. 'When they found out I was a property owner they would have nothing to do with me.'

"There must be many more like him, property owners who paid their taxes and went hungry and unhelped. This man got a job."

"You believe the crusade has helped Elmira?"

"Helped it! That's a feeble word. It has shown us the way. The rest is up to us. We're helping ourselves now. We have new faith, new courage. We're going ahead. It's up to the rest of the country to do its part. The rest of the country must have faith too, or all that we have accomplished will eventually be destroyed. Spread the word over the East, over the West and the Middle West. Spread it across the North, and instill it into the South. Have faith. Buy what you need."

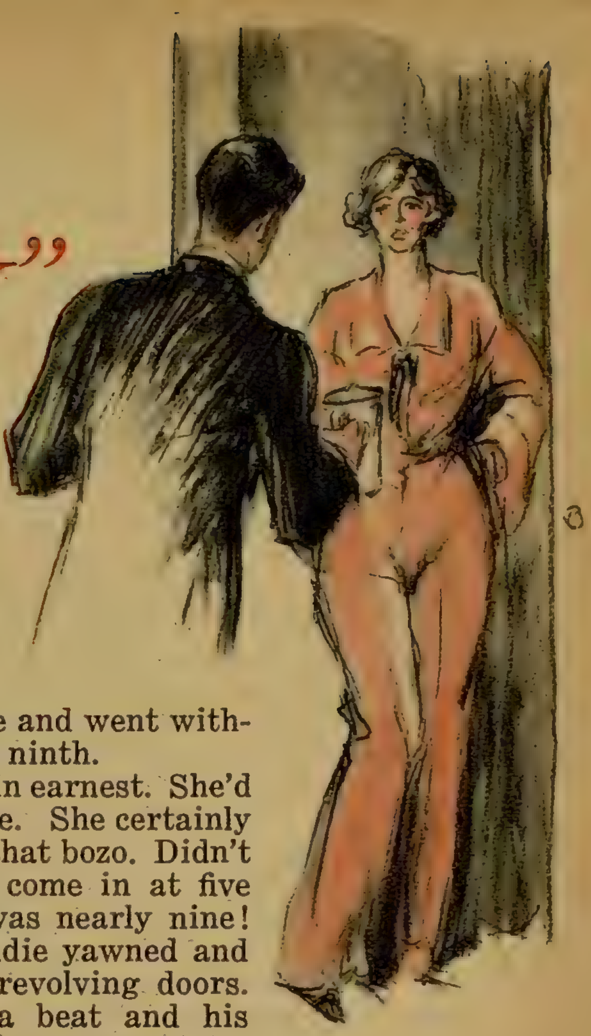
Before I left Elmira Bob Allen said to me: "Be sure to point out in your article that these men sent here by Liberty didn't take a penny out of the town, didn't ask for a penny to start the work of the crusade, didn't ask for money or favors or jobs or anything else. If they had, Elmira would have sneered at them and sent them back home."

I made my report to the editors of Liberty.

"We're going to spread the word," they said.

THE END

Mr. Scott said "WEDNESDAY"



A Short Short Story

By MARJORIE LAWRENCE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.)

EDDIE SULLIVAN had one idol, one passion, and one vice. Mrs. Mason Scott was the idol, automobiles were the passion, and the vice was the tabloids. Lately the idol had seemed in danger of cracking, the passion of being quenched. But at the moment Eddie was oblivious, steeped in vice, his red head bent over a square of newspaper as he leaned against the elevator door.

"Psst! Manager's here!" Tom Hogan's car had come to rest next to Eddie's and he was lounging in the doorway.

"Oke!" And Eddie quickly jammed the folded sheet into his pocket. "Jeez, this here Dual Love Slaying is swell! That guy certainly got what was comin' to him when her husband got wise. The dame too—maybe."

His thoughts went to the idol. A swell dame, Mrs. Scott. Always smiled at him. A lady—not flashy, like certain other parties. But what about this Baxter guy, now? Tabloid headlines flared in Eddie's mind but he shut them out. Mrs. Scott was oke.

"Ed-dee, Ed-dee!" Eddie sauntered over to the switchboard. "Cracked ice to nine eleven. The refrigeration isn't working," said Elsie, the telephone operator.

Nine eleven—the Scott apartment. She must have gone up in Tom's car. Mr. Scott wasn't due back until tomorrow. Every few weeks he went away for four or five days. He was a nice guy. Kind of stout and settled for a young dame like his wife—but nice. Reliable; that was it. Look how he'd promised to talk to the judge. Eddie felt the summons in his pocket. Well, if Mr. Scott got him out of this jam he'd never drive another bus without a license. Damn' right he wouldn't! The car shot up to the ninth floor. He rapped at nine eleven and Mrs. Scott's outstretched hands received the pitcher. He had a glimpse of red velvet pyjamas. That was all.

Eddie made the return trip in a daze. Mrs. Scott always made him feel that way. She certain was a looker—with that blonde hair of hers and that figger. Kind of careless, Mr. Scott, to leave her alone so much!

Eddie reached the ground floor. He glowered as he saw the broad shoulders of Mr. Neil Baxter in the revolving doors. Course the guy hung around some when Mr. Scott was there, too, but he had ought to stay away when a woman was on her own, like.

Mr. Baxter's long stride carried him into Eddie's car in a moment. "Evening," he said pleasantly.

"Evening," Eddie muttered ungraciously. He stopped the car with an awkward jerk at the ninth and Mr. Baxter disembarked.

At six o'clock 1012 sent him out for cigarettes. He bought himself an evening tabloid. A glance showed him a thrilling suicide and a new divorce scandal on the first page. He whistled a few notes. Things were looking up!

Between seven thirty and eight, when most of the guests were at dinner, Eddie usually had a chance for some intensive reading. He didn't feel much like it tonight. Every time the indicator flashed he felt a funny jump in his chest. Subconsciously he was waiting for Mrs. Scott and Mr. Baxter to come down to dinner. But the dinner hour came and went without a signal from the ninth.

He began to think in earnest. She'd never done this before. She certainly must be crazy about that bozo. Didn't the guy eat? He'd come in at five o'clock and here it was nearly nine!

At ten o'clock Eddie yawned and glanced toward the revolving doors. His heart skipped a beat and his mouth stayed open. He stared incredulously. It was Mr. Scott, followed by the doorman with his pigskin bag. Tuesday! He had said "Wednesday"—had planned to return Wednesday, and here he was now! And Baxter upstairs in nine eleven.

The manager strolled out of his office. Mr. Scott bore down from the left. Tom was in the basement unloading luggage.

Jeez, what a jam! Eddie had seen Mr. Scott coming, and both Mr. Scott and the manager knew it. He must wait or he'd get fired sure. And Mr. Scott—that court summons—he'd go to jail!

But Mrs. Scott. If Mr. Scott went up— The headlines of every tabloid ever printed raced through Eddie's mind:

SHOOTS WIFE'S LOVER
TRAGEDY IN EXCLUSIVE HOTEL
BEAUTIFUL MRS. SCOTT—

THE elevator door slammed, the car shot up to the ninth floor, stopped with a jerk. Eddie snatched open the gate and dashed down the corridor. He pounded at nine eleven, sick in the pit of his stomach.

Mrs. Scott flung open the door. Her hair was smooth—not a strand out of place. Over her shoulder Eddie saw Neil Baxter. He didn't even look up. He was kneeling on the floor, surrounded by rows of playing cards.

"Eddie—what on earth?" said Mrs. Scott.

Eddie's knees shook. He was frightened, relieved, disappointed.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he stammered. "Mr. Scott—he's come home!"

"Fine!" she cried, "Where is he, Eddie? Neil, Mason is back!"

Eddie mumbled, "I'll go get him," and turned to face Mr. Scott, followed by Tom with his pigskin bag. He flattened himself against the wall. He prayed for invisibility.

"Mason," cried Mrs. Scott, "Neil and I have worked out our system! We'll make Culbertson and Lenz look like rank amateurs. And we've outlined our book too. Isn't it great?"

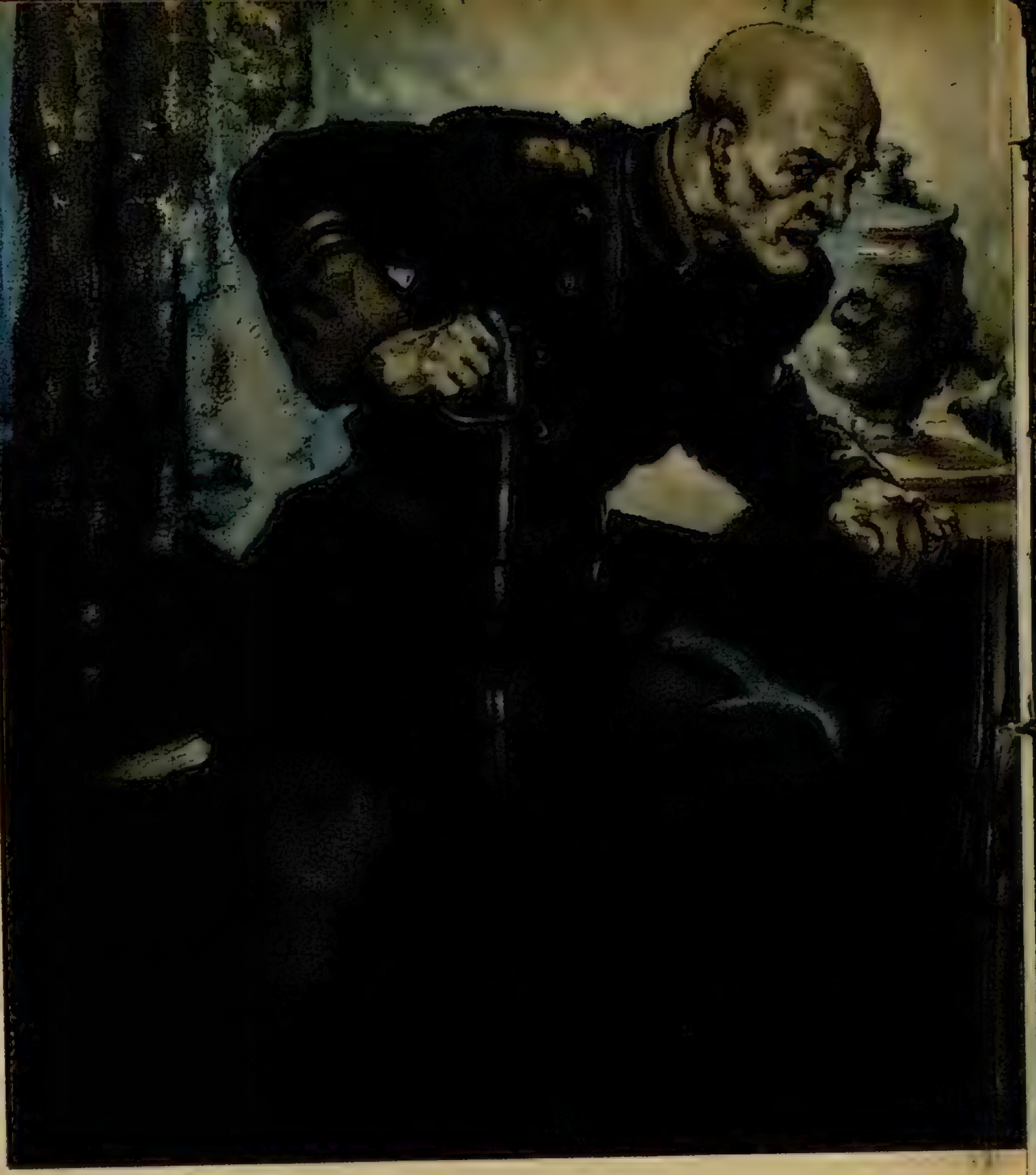
Neil Baxter rose from his crouching position above the cards and approached Mr. Scott, grinning broadly. Tom came out and closed the door after him, shutting off the tableau.

"What's the big idea?" he began.

Eddie's hand stole to his pocket and crunched the folded newspaper into a tight ball. "Aw, nerts!" he remarked, and stalked to his elevator.

THE END

Adventures Such as You'd Say Couldn't Have Happened!—You'll Find Them in This Amazing True Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia



Gypsy Lusha had told him: "You will kill

STILL

By GEORGE

As told to H.

Illustrations by

(Reading time: 17 minutes 55 seconds.)

GRAVELY wounded during the rescue of six White Russian women and girls whom the Reds had captured, Beloff was restored to health—as he told in last week's installment—by Symes and Sonia Russinski, one of the girls. For these two who healed him there followed an idyllic interlude. Then the fugitives pushed on across Mongolia. They came upon the camp of Buren Khan, a Mongol brigand chieftain. On Beloff's proving that he had once been to Lhasa, city of the Grand Lama, Buren Khan not only spared their lives but fraternized.

They reached Chasoktu, and there Sonia died. The grief-stricken Symes ran amok, with the result that the Buriats jailed him and Beloff, the latter again wounded. The mad Baron Ungern appeared, recognized Beloff, offered him a colonelcy, and agreed that Symes and Andrei might accompany him to Urga. Before the three could start some of Ungern's raiders brought in a captured Red caravan. An auction of the women captives was followed by general rioting, outrage, and massacre, during which Symes saved from molestation an old Jewish woman and her adopted daughter Yuryevska. Beloff was much struck with this girl's beauty, and noticed also a roll of vellum inscribed with Hebrew that the old woman was cherishing.

Andrei now decided to head southward by herself, while Beloff and Symes rode away to join Ungern at Urga.

PART FIVE—THE MADMAN MEETS HIS WATERLOO

UNTIL this day no one has ever told the true story of the end of Baron Ungern and his army. Various tales have been current, but nearly all of those who knew the truth are dead. If not, they have kept quiet for reasons which will become obvious. The usual story is that he was seized at night while drunk and handed over to the Reds.

Rubbish! You shall hear how this shell-shocked madman made all the world around him tremble in fear—even when he was alone, wounded, in flight!

You must get the situation. Ungern and his officers had slaughtered not only Reds but Chinese and Whites as well. Those men of his had no refuge if his power collapsed; they would be hunted out like mad dogs.

I am firmly convinced that Baron Ungern was the victim of a deep and crafty plot. His own men were in stark terror of his madness; so were the Mongol lamas, and it was at his brain that the lamas aimed their shafts. By pretended magic, by spirit mediums and lamas who pretended divination, he was firmly imbued with the belief that he was about to die. He faced his last campaign with this belief implanted in his mad brain. It powerfully affected all his actions. He even sent his wife, a former Manchu princess, back to China. I had known her well in earlier days, and I was to see her again.

Symes and I, with our men, rode fast and far. One day we came suddenly upon horsemen, two troops of Red cavalry. They were part of the great circle of armies sent out through the desert, swinging around, cutting off Ungern from escape or aid, suddenly striking like a thunderbolt!

Out of our fifty men only fifteen escaped. We fled away into the northeast with death at our heels. Then, when such a meeting was least expected, we encountered Baron Ungern's army, being picked up by a party of scouts under Colonel Sepailoff in person.

Now, until we joined Ungern's force both Symes and I had supposed him to be at the head of a united White army backed by all Mongolia. The real situation, too late, burst upon us in all its appalling truth.

With Ungern was a great and heroic man, Colonel Kazagrandi. After Kolchak's fall this man gathered several hundred former White officers about him. He formed two regiments of cavalry and maintained himself in western Mongolia. All these men were like an army of brothers, devoted to one another and to Kazagrandi.

Ungern visited them. He made an instant impression. They found him calm, peaceful, farsighted. They thought the stories about him were all lies, and so Kazagrandi accepted his leadership. Later they discovered his madness bitterly.

Now, Baron Ungern feared Kazagrandi. His own personal forces were composed of all the scum and riff-raff of Asia, centering about the Wild Division. His adjutant Bourdokoff was, like Sepailoff, an executioner. These two men slew from sheer love of killing or for robbery. Most of Ungern's other officers were cut after the same pattern. To be honest about it, cocaine was used on all sides. These men had much to forget.

Believing Russia about to revolt against the Reds and knowing himself threatened by their armies, Ungern resolved to strike first. He ordered Kazagrandi and other outlying leaders to bring up all their forces and join him en route, and then started north from Urga.

Two days after he left Urga an enveloping Red force captured the city with every person in it. Ungern did not know this for some time, however. When Symes and I joined him the junction with Kazagrandi had been effected and the combined forces were marching to the north—an army of six thousand men.

ne man too many. Then look for death!”

ALIVE

Kazagrandi and his force marched apart, every man of them a former Czarist officer. The wild Cossack division under Veseloffski, the Mongols, the division of Ungern himself, all kept apart. The Mongols alone Ungern could trust wholly, since they deemed him a god.

Such was the situation when Symes and I were picked up by Sepailoff. He did not recognize me in the least. When he saw the scrawl from Ungern that served as my commission, he nodded absently. He took off his hat, rubbed his perfectly bald head, and listened to my story of having encountered Red cavalry.

HE had very pale glittering eyes, this man, and with that bald head of his looked exactly like a vulture.

“Bah!” he said. “You met some wandering party of Reds, some bandits! Do not tell such lies about Red cavalry being in our rear when you join the army. If indeed you join the army,” he went on more slowly—then paused.

I could read the impulse in his deadly eyes. He thought it wiser to shoot us down than to risk having such news brought in to disorganize the army.

“Be careful, Colonel Sepailoff!” I said to him in a low voice. “Do you remember an evening in Chita when Gypsy Lusha told your fortune in the teacups? Be careful! I know what is running through your mind this minute, and I say to you—be careful!”

BELOFF

BEDFORD-JONES

HENRY ALAN

He turned a little pale under his tan, looked at me for a moment, then actually crossed himself, furtively, as he swung his horse around. Gypsy Lusha had told him:

“You will kill one man too many, when you least expect it. Then look for death!”

That I should know of this prediction startled Sepailoff inexpressibly and made him afraid of me.

Upon reaching Ungern’s camp that night I joined the Mongol regiments, keeping Symes with me. Buren Khan’s scroll made the Mongol chiefs welcome us as friends.

The next evening Ungern called all his officers to an open council out under the stars. This was sheer madness; the Reds had spies even among us.

I accompanied the Mongol chiefs to the council and perceived that Ungern had become a madman indeed. Twice I saw him strike down men with his *tushur*, his bamboo staff. When any man offended him, that man was beaten to death with rods. The troops held him in terrible fear, for he spared no one.

WITH the calm stars overhead and the camp fires around, Baron Ungern set his plan before us all. The Reds were gathering armies to overcome Mongolia. So were the Chinese. To the northeast was Semenoff with his army. Ungern had sent word asking his coöperation, though I think the message never got through.

We were not a day’s march from the border city of Troitskosavsk. Off to the northwest and on the railway lay Verkne Udinsk. A little place, but the Red forces were gathing there. Also it was the key to Irkutsk and vast stores of artillery and supplies.

Then Ungern told us something no one had known:

“My children, revolution has broken out in Russia. Our friends have seized Kronstadt. The day of resurrection is at hand! Now is the time to strike from this direction also!

“Colonel Kazagrandi! I desire that you take a thousand Cossacks and make a demonstration against Troitskosavsk! Make the Reds imagine that our entire army is there. Their forces will gather against you.

“Meantime, with the main army, I will cut through the hills and fall upon Verkne Udinsk like a thunderbolt! With the railroad cut, Irkutsk will be at our mercy. I will turn and take in rear the Reds who have marched against you. Together we will destroy them and then sweep on Irkutsk. Half the Red forces will join us, peasants will flock to us. We will have Semenoff behind us. The march upon Russia will begin!”

The officers exchanged quick eager words under their breaths. Kazagrandi stood up, tall, grave, sincere, the perfect type of a hero.

“General Baron Ungern,” he said simply, nobly, “this conception is magnificent! I accept it.”

Enthusiasm seized upon every man there. Veseloffski leaped up and spoke for the Cossacks. The Mongol princes cried eager approbation.

Kazagrandi was to march in the morning, with Veseloffski and his Cossacks and with two companies of his own cavalry. General Rezukhin was to accompany the column. I saw Kazagrandi frown when it developed that he was to take only two companies of his own splendidly trained cavalry. Ungern, as he well knew, would have bitter need of all those trained squadrons.

Before daylight Kazagrandi was gone with his column. He had shifted his officers so that the best of them marched with him; and Baron Ungern discovered this. From that moment fear and suspicion of Kazagrandi increased within him.

Well, we marched. And what a march it was! Straight into the mountains we struck, abandoning the cars, the baggage, everything that would hinder our lightning blow.

For this little while the blazing genius of Ungern united his forces in ardent unquestioning eagerness. But from Kazagrandi’s column we heard nothing.

Upon an early morning our Cossacks met a party of Reds and cut them up terribly. All morning we pressed on as fast as possible, coming into a narrow valley between hills. We were only forty versts from Misovaia, with our goal ahead of us. Another day and the railroad would be in our hands! Then the blow fell.

Symes and I, by sheer chance, were with the Mongol rear guard when the earth began to shake. It was a trap, completely unsuspected. The hills to either side of us began to rock and to vomit fire. From the hillsides appeared tanks, rushing down upon us. We were caught!

Spies had betrayed the entire scheme of campaign to the Reds. Against Kazagrandi were sent picked troops to hold him in check. But Kazagrandi smashed those regiments into the earth, as it happened.

Meantime, against us was sent the full force of the Reds, the crack Fifth Soviet Army with tanks and artillery. They waited for us and they caught us. Good God, how they caught us!

One minute we were an army. The next we were a mob of men, broken, shattered, in wild flight. The wounded, the supplies, the artillery—everything was abandoned.

By sunset Ungern had halted the flight, once we were out of that fatal valley. I saw Sepailoff and Bourdokoff shooting down officers. Ungern used his tushur upon men and officers alike. That night he was insane.

With dawn, finding no pursuit, he conceived another stroke. He sent forward the Cossacks, rode with them, struck upon certain Red troops who had lingered on the field of battle, and cut them to pieces. The main force had retreated, laying another trap.

WE marched on slowly, sullenly, fearfully. When we reached the scene of slaughter the regiments halted. A ripple of fear, of horror, ran through the ranks. The wounded, every man of them, had been butchered. Not one remained alive.

Ungern ordered an immediate advance. His officers, his regiments refused to budge. He had to camp here.

That afternoon he picked out Mongol executioners and began to kill many of the squadron leaders. He had sent off a number of Cossacks to find and bring Kazagrandi here. They reached him but delivered no message. Anxious only to get clear of impending doom and avoid any blame, they gave out that the army was cut to pieces and Ungern killed. So Kazagrandi waited, hesitant.

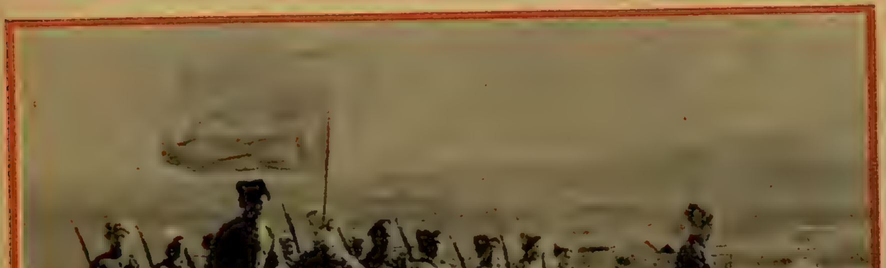
Our camp was formed in a three-sided square. The Russians, with what was left of the Chinese, were on one side. Opposite them were the Cossacks. On the third side were the Mongol squadrons.

Ungern must have realized that all was lost. What with liquor and despair, he stalked about, clearly mad, blood spattered over his robe and his tushur all scarlet. Late this same afternoon two messengers from Kazagrandi reached us. One was a Cossack officer, an aide of Veseloffski. This man went straight to Ungern's tent and was closeted alone with the madman.

Later I learned what took place between them. The officer brought word of Kazagrandi's success. Also he told how General Rezukhin had killed a certain Lieutenant Serbenko, the most popular officer in all Kazagrandi's force—had slain him by stealth to rob him.

Kazagrandi, who had discovered this crime, was furious. Veseloffski feared lest the two squadrons of Kazagrandi turn upon his Cossacks. Baron Ungern feared the same thing from the other squadrons here in camp.

An hour before sunset two messengers went away at full gallop. They bore secret orders to Veseloffski, to kill Kazagrandi at once. I know this to be a fact. One man who saw those orders delivered is still alive.

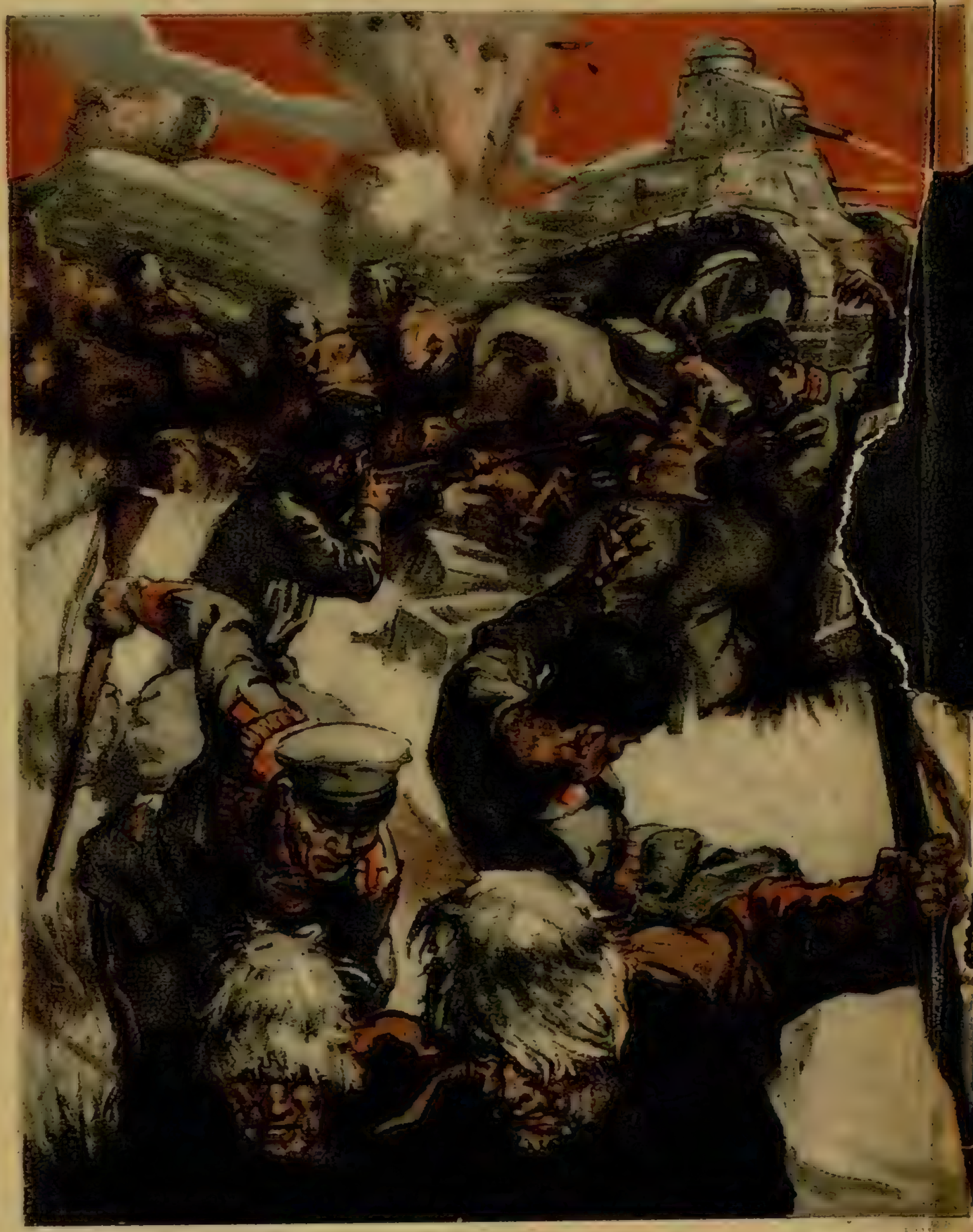


Russian, Cossack, and Mongol scouts of Ungern's army.

Baron Ungern strode out into the square, blood from his bitten lip dripping over his beard. With him were Bourdokoff and Sepailoff. I saw him say something to Bourdokoff and then whirl on him, striking him with the bamboo over the face. The adjutant shrank back. He who had killed so many at the orders of this madman was about to suffer himself. He knew it. We all knew it and waited joyfully. Ungern began to shriek something.

Then came interruption, saving Bourdokoff and dooming Baron Ungern.

Into the camp came scouts with loud shouts, bringing a number of Mongols who had followed the trail of the army. These Mongols flung themselves to the earth before Ungern. They brought terrible news. Far to the west Red armies had captured Kobdo; the Mongol and Cossack regiments there were scattered to the winds. To the south, Urga had been captured and Mongolia proclaimed a republic subject to the Soviets.



They caught us. One minute we were an army. The next

The Red forces were advancing on all sides to cut off Ungern and destroy him utterly.

Upon hearing this news Baron Ungern turned about and went into his tent.

Tongues repeated the tidings, and then a terrible silence, an incredulous apathy, settled down upon the whole camp.

Symes, sitting at my side among the Mongols, heard from me what it was all about. His fierce eyes glinted.

"White Wings, you and me are traveling tonight," he said in English. "I'm going to get packs all ready and pick us a couple of the best horses. Suit you?"

"Yes," I answered, and he moved away.

After a time Sepailoff exchanged a few words with Bourdokoff and then came over to the Mongols. He spoke softly:

"Well, noyon!" This was the

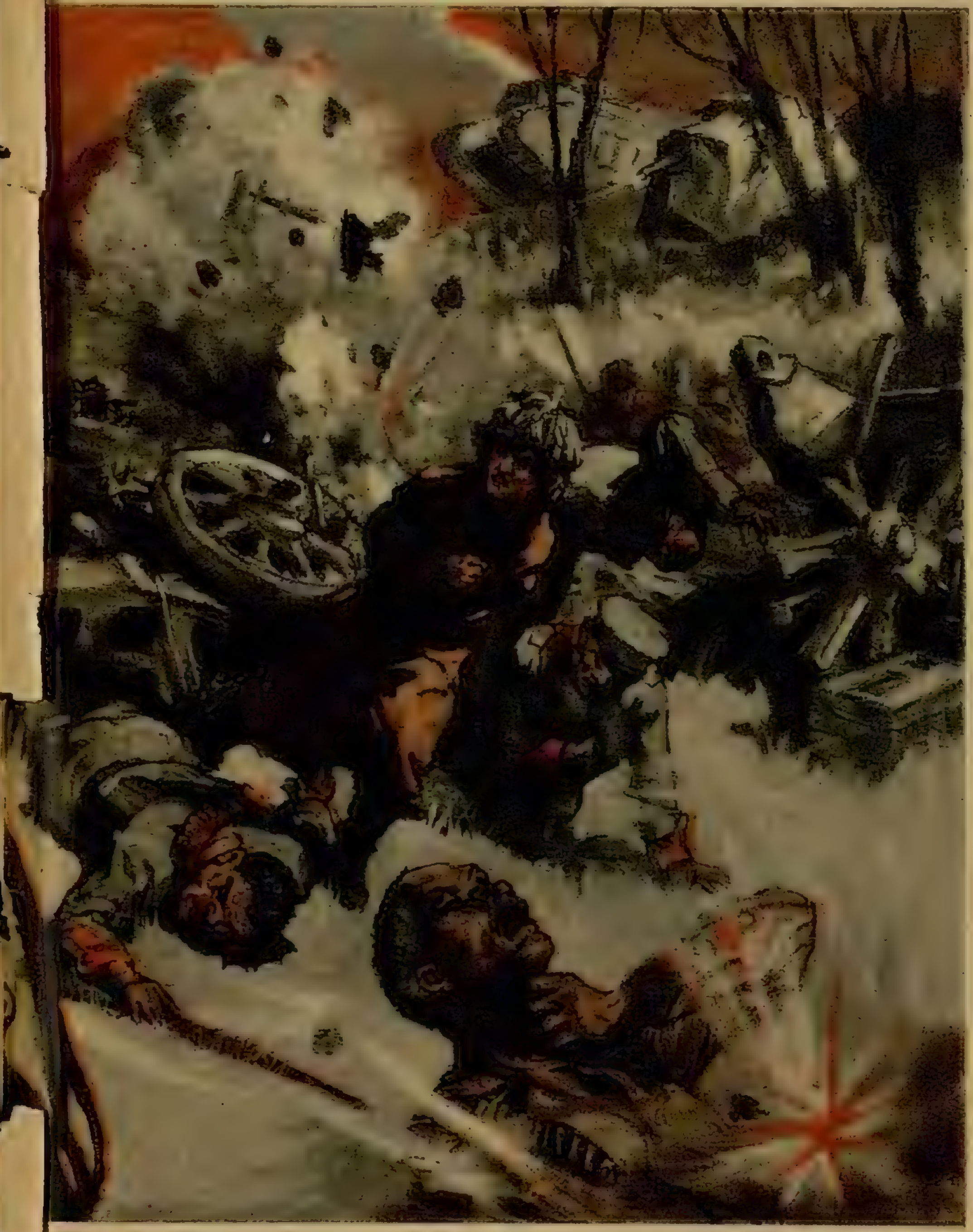
term applied to Mongol princes. "Do you choose life or death?"

Everyone knew instantly what he meant. Death was upon us all, chiefly from one man. Two of the Mongol officers had been beaten to death that afternoon—the first time that the mad Ungern had dared to touch the Mongols. They, who worshiped him as a god, now were in bitter terror and uncertainty. Baron Ungern was alone in the midst of an army that hated him and feared him most horribly.

"Life," answered a voice.

Sepailoff nodded. "Very well. Choose three of you to come to Bourdokoff's tent after dark."

He swept us with a challenging look, and strode away.



we were a mob of men, broken, shattered, in wild flight.

"I will go," said I, breaking a silence. Presently two other officers nodded to me.

This day was the 20th of August, 1921.

Ungern remained in his tent. His Mongol servant told us he was drinking heavily, muttering to himself.

We knew, all of us, how frightful was our situation. Ahead and behind were the Reds, merciless. To the east, in Manchuria, was Chang Tso-lin; not one of this army could expect mercy from the Chinese. The west was now cut off. To the southwest lay the Gobi Desert, Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, India! There lay the one possible chance of escape. Not for an army, but for scattered parties.

Here, with a madman for a leader, a madman slaughtering his own officers, there was no chance for anyone.

Darkness descended. Baron Ungern was still alone in his own tent, and we quietly gathered in that of his adjutant—we three from the Mongols, other officers from the Cossacks and from the Russians. We were afraid. Bourdokoff addressed us briefly, savagely:

"My comrades, it is his death or ours. Are we agreed upon this?"

One voice after another made response. Bourdokoff took the pistol from his belt and held it out to us.

"Very well. It must be done now, tonight, this very moment! Russians, to you the honor!"

The Russian officers exchanged a look and then shook their heads. No one spoke or reached for the pistol.

Bourdokoff snarled.

"Devil take you!" He turned to his own Cossacks. "Come! You, at least, do not fear to die!"

An old wrinkled Cossack officer laughed harshly.

"My brother, we fear two things—God and the devil. He is one of these two! You also fear him."

This was quite true. With a wild oath, Bourdokoff spoke to the Mongols. As he was doing so I became aware of a figure outside the tent, standing close by the opening where I sat. I lifted my hand in a gesture of warning. Bourdokoff caught it and stiffened.

The tent flap was seized and flung open. Baron Ungern stood there, bamboo stick in hand. He had heard every word. He faced us with blazing eyes.

Drunk? It may be. But he was calm, cool, and terrible. He looked at two officers from his bodyguard, called them by name, and slowly and frightfully began to curse them.

His words blistered; terror of him came upon us all. He was not a man but a Presence, a tremendous Force. Exactly as the old Cossack had said, he was imbued with the spirit of God or the devil!

Then he looked at Bourdokoff and began to lay a fearful curse upon him: "You, my own adjutant! Let your heart rot—"

I saw Bourdokoff begin to twitch under the curse. He gasped like a fish, took a step backward—then whipped up his pistol and fired.

Nothing happened. This was the frightful thing! For a moment all of us remembered what the Mongols said—that bullets could not harm this man.

UNGERN stopped speaking. The bullet had hit him, though none of us knew it; nor, I believe, did he realize it. A scream of rage burst from his lips. Then, in a flash, he turned and was gone. "Blood! Blood!" We could hear his voice shrilling up as we broke and in abject fear fled from that tent. Cooking fires were burning; the whole square was alight and in clear sight.

Ungern ran toward the Russian side, shrieking at his men. Shots answered him—many shots. He halted and brandished his bamboo stick, then whirled and started toward the Cossacks. Orders, oaths, mad words flowed from him. They were checked by shots. The Cossacks were firing. Bullets were flying all around him.

Swerving, Ungern threw himself toward the Mongols. Again he halted. A terrible cry burst from him as the Mongols began to shoot wildly. They fired in the air, for to them he was a god. Still, they fired.

Ungern lifted his tushur and threw it away. Then he turned and walked toward his own tent. No one moved; no one shot again at him. His white horse was tethered beside the tent. He hurled himself into the saddle and went dashing out of the camp—off to the south.

No one pursued him. No one had the courage to do so. He was gone, and relief seized upon every man there. Food was brought out, and vodka—all the wine and spirits that remained.

"Ready, White Wings?"

Symes had found me. I wakened as from a dream, and assented.

"I've got everything," he said. "Ammunition, two rifles, grub, and water bottles. Took a spare horse, too. I figure we've got just one chance—to make for the Gobi and get out ahead of the bust-up. So the baron cleared out, did he?"

I told him what had happened. Five minutes later we mounted and rode off without question from anyone.

Baron Ungern's subsequent fate as far as history knows of it—Beloff was later to make an astounding discovery concerning it—will appear in next week's installment, as will the peculiarly terrible experiences that now awaited Beloff and Symes.

We Never Expect to Fight Again, but If We Do—

The U.S. is

(Reading time: 11 minutes 50 seconds.)

Editor's Note: Authority for every important statement of fact in this article by Mr. Stevenson can be found in one or another of the following government publications and officially authoritative documents: War Policies Commission Hearings, Seventy-first Congress, Second Session—Parts 1, 2, and 3. Documents by the War Policies Commission, Seventy-second Congress, First Session—Documents No. 264 and No. 271. Speech by Assistant Secretary of War F. H. Payne at the Army War College, October 22, 1932. Articles by Mr. Payne and Lieutenant T. H. Miller in The Military Engineer, January-February, 1933. Senate Naval Affairs Committee Comparative Statistical Data on Navies of the World (revised).

WAR clouds in Europe. Mobilizations. Mumblings. Rumblings. Attempts to embroil the United States.

In the Far East the Japanese carve their way through Manchuria. Americans shudder through a Japanese bombardment at Shanghai. American battleships are rushed to the death zone. Every move becomes portentous to the American mind. Alarm arises from the fact that the American fleet, after war games to test the security of Hawaii and of the California coast, remains in the Pacific "for reasons of economy."

And in their alarm the people speculate upon the possibility of war. Rumors are snatched from thin air and expanded into national bugaboos.

"America is helpless, unprepared, hated by the world!" shout the militarists. "Pacifists have wrecked the army and navy. Quick, America, before it is too late!"

Others try to convince themselves that war is impossible.

"It takes money to fight," they say. "No nation can pay its peacetime expenses, much less pay for a war."

Nevertheless the uneasiness spreads.

This is not written to add to the jitters, nor to reiterate the dangers of unpreparedness. Nor to assert that war is impossible just because the world is broke; in 1914 it was predicted that the World War could last but a few months because of the cost.

Rather it is written to quiet the jitters—to show, from information made available by General Douglas MacArthur, Army Chief of Staff; Colonel Frederick H. Payne, President Hoover's Assistant Secretary of War; Bernard M. Baruch, civilian World War leader, and others, that a foreign government should hesitate to provoke the United States into war, because it would be decisively defeated.

International indigence makes large-scale belligerency difficult for every country except the United States. Other governments require gold for the purchase of munitions abroad, but the United States, a self-contained country, can draw upon its own national resources for almost every war necessity.

It is equipped to wage the war without profits, profiteers, ruinous war loans, or everlasting debt.

Its War Department wizards, led by such strategists as General MacArthur and planners as Payne, have been making ready for such a conflict since 1920.

The United States is better prepared than at any other time in its history. If it had been as well prepared at the outbreak of the World War it would have saved twelve billion dollars.

In the Civil War the nation paid for lack of preparedness with inefficiency, with scandals. Before it entered the World War its industry had become experienced in munitions manufacture by supplying the Allies; a year before its entrance Congress ordered the purchase of $12,000,000 worth of machine guns; the establishment of defense councils galore was hastened. Yet nine months after the United States declared war its national system had become so hopelessly swamped as to threaten the success of military operations in Europe, simply because there had not been sufficient time for advance planning.

The system had proved its worthlessness in earlier conflicts. It could not be expected to be more efficient when the expenditures for American artillery in the Meuse-Argonne battle alone nearly exceeded all those of the Union forces throughout the Civil War.

That war frightened the government. It frightened Baruch, head of the War Industries Board, and other leaders. It was determined that never again should there be such inequitable distribution of war burdens, that never again should the United States be so unprepared. Hence, Congress authorized the War Department in 1920 to plan scientifically for future protection.

The department went into a huddle with industrial organizers, economists, railroad executives, manufacturers, distributors, the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor, the Treasury, the Labor Department—even with pacifists. As a result of their studies the official program for national defense provides:

1. That conscription for the armies shall be immediate, with no deferment for any

By CHARLES STEVENSON

Prepared for *Anything*

man between twenty-one and thirty unless he is a religious objector or unless the President deems such deferment essential to victory.

2. That labor shall be regulated and wages kept at peacetime levels to the end that the man at the workbench becomes as much a soldier as the man with a gun.

3. That industry shall be mobilized and conscripted for speedy procurement of munitions.

4. That the government shall pay no war profits to munitions manufacturers, but only reimburse them for their production costs and allow peacetime returns.

5. That the wealthy shall register their possessions, possibly submit to a capital levy, and throughout the hostilities pay an income tax which claims all earnings in excess of those of previous normal years.

6. That prices shall be controlled as they relate to both military and civilian acquisitions, so there shall be no inflation and subsequent depression.

Now suppose that tomorrow American intelligence units suddenly discover that nations X, Y, and Z are planning a concerted attack on the United States.

Within two weeks war will be declared. Enemy troopships are already on the high seas, disguised as merchantmen. The enemy seeks to strike swiftly, surely. With a new administration in Washington not yet accustomed to its job, with unrest in the farm belt, with unemployment an added problem, the enemy expects such an attack will be demoralizing.

But the enemy is fooled.

No sooner is the news of the forthcoming assault received than generals and admirals reach into files which contain up-to-date plans for defending the United States against any world power or possible combination.

Within an hour the regular troops are on their way to the front. The navy is steaming to the positions designated. Ammunition trains are setting out. Reserves and National Guard are mobilizing. Hawaii, crammed with war supplies, is prepared for a six-month siege.

Simultaneously the War Department procurement office is outfitting the defense organization. It has a list of every piece of equipment needed, from bread to gas. It knows when and where this equipment will be required; how much more will be essential from day to day.

Thank God, now, that Congress in 1920 authorized advance planning—that cost-plus contracts and centralized buying are not to be relied upon!

FOR years procurement officers were traveling about the country, spotting available raw materials, untapped resources. Daily records of costs were kept.

The country was divided into fourteen procurement districts. In each the mills, the machine shops, were studied with a view to adapting them to munitions manufacture. The officers learned how many laborers each factory needed, how much of the war load each could bear, how fast it could produce.

Factories equipped to make clothing, tents, blankets, saddles, automobiles, wagons, and other items already produced commercially, were given specifications covering the particular supplies they were best fitted to turn out. Those factories which would have to be adapted to the construction of cannon, machine guns, shells, and other things for which special training and special machinery were essential, were given pilot models developed by the arsenals, complete sets of tools, instructions for building machines.

But all of the approximately 15,000 factories were given tentative orders in peacetime for nearly 4,000 implements of war. These orders were spread throughout the nation so as to equalize the strain on industry. Because of that planning there is no quibbling now. Why, even the contract forms were drawn in peacetime! Only a telegram, a phone call is necessary.

Soon the procurement force of less than 200 officers will be supplemented with 2,300 reserves—important business men, production experts, textile specialists, experienced buyers. Within two weeks more than 4,000 other citizens of similar capacities will have been drafted and distributed. The regulars and National Guard will go into action with munitions left over from the World War. Before these are consumed the mobilized industry will be producing millions of rifles, thousands of machine guns, terrible poisonous gases, swift tanks.

More than 3,000 military planes constitute at the outset a flying force second only to France's. Suppose that force is augmented with the reserve of air-mail planes. If their bombs do not end the war right there, the airplane industry can produce more than 42,500 additional aircraft within eighteen months. Meantime the production of planes will be faster than the production of pilots.

On receipt of information heralding the approaching war, the legislative experts of the War Department have taken from their filing cases a handful of carefully prepared bills and hastened them to the Capitol for enactment. They are rushed through Congress in a few hours.

Income taxes are raised to recapture for the government 95 per cent of all income that exceeds the taxpayers' receipts of the previous three years.

The President is accorded czaristic powers. He can regulate prices, commandeer real estate and property, suspend any law which might impede military operations.

From names given him by the War Department he appoints experienced, trusted executives from civil life to exercise the dictatorial powers in his name. Within twenty-four hours after making the appointments he finds the men already organized into a supergovernment including three main divisions: the President's agents and commissions, a war council, and a battery of huge government corporations and related boards.

In the war council are the heads of the War and Navy departments, a director of selective service who has charge of the draft, a director of public relations who has charge of propaganda, an administrator of labor who must supply his commodity wherever labor is required, and a director of war industries.

Each of the council members possesses an intricately large organization. That of the director of war industries is most important. Through hundreds of field agents, commissions, advisers, committees, he estimates the needed number of kitchen chairs or hats, allocates their manufacture among the mills and, after the prescribed production is completed, turns the plants to other tasks. He decrees what the styles shall be. He controls raw materials and their usage, production, consumption, and the prices of manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers. All of this to the end that resources shall be conserved, that the army and navy shall have the essentials of death and the civilian population the essentials of life, that there shall be no inflation, no subsequent depression, no prosperity-just-around-the-corner misery.

MEANWHILE the government corporations are carrying on. There is the War Finance Corporation, with $500,000,000 capital, financing the war itself. There is the Power Corporation furnishing electricity to industry where existing public utilities prove inadequate. There is a Shipping Corporation providing cargo vessels. There is a Marine Insurance Corporation insuring the cargoes and vessels on the high seas. There is a War Trade Board with its War Trade Corporation.

If the enemy blockades the oceans with submarines, the United States will manage nevertheless to continue fighting. Fortunately the War Department prepared the nation during the uneventful years. Its scientists discovered synthetic and other substitutes for necessaries that are imported in peacetime.

But the draft call has been sounded, and from the class of 11,000,000 males between twenty-one and thirty a defense force is being sent to the front as fast as equipment can be procured. There are no wooden cantonments such as we had in the World War, though. Their construction would necessitate diversion of labor from other activities. Instead, the troops are being billeted in federal, county, and municipal buildings and in commandeered warehouses, hotels, and office buildings.

Within a few weeks two armies of 1,000,000 have been rushed to the war zone. In six months 2,000,000 are in the field. Inside a year, 4,000,000.

Capital and labor battling side by side with the troops. Everyone sacrificing, bearing his share of the burden. Prices stabilized, salaries uninflated, munitions obtained as near to cost as humanly possible. A war without a subsequent mountain of debt and depression. A war which pays its own way.

A gruesome war, yes. But the first war in which youths, forced to sacrifice their lives in the name of God and country for thirty dollars a month, know that their mothers are not in actual want; know that profiteers are not fattening at the expense of patriotism.

THAT is a picture of the national defense program. It is one which the War Department believes adequate. It could be altered if necessary so that the United States would be able to fight without the transfer of a single dime, the populace being paid in commodities rather than cash. In portraying our war plans I do not mean to imply they are perfect. They could be improved by allowing the War Department to place small " educational " orders of munitions in the factories which would produce them during an emergency. This so the manufacturers and workmen could get experience which would save us precious time in the event of hostilities.

And if, when the naval treaties expire in 1936, we are to maintain the five-five-three ratio, we must build not a few craft but 119, mostly destroyers; for at the end of that year we otherwise shall possess only 607,320 tons of first-class fighting equipment. We shall be a questionable second-rater as a naval power beside Great Britain's 663,578 tons and Japan's 604,678, even if those countries spend no more for new construction. Great Britain, though, has indicated it will build to treaty strength, while Japan already is overstrength in certain categories and still building.

On April 1, 1933, however, ratings for both old and new ships gave the United States a present-day navy which nearly matched Britain's and vastly outweighed Japan's. The nation's only trouble this year is the fact that its vessels are out of commission or 15 per cent undermanned, whereas the ships of other countries carry full crews. Thus, if we had to send our navy across the ocean we would be at a decided disadvantage because of our lack of bluejackets and the time required to commission laid-up craft; defending their shores with the aid of more than 3,000 airplanes, it would seem that these matters, while nothing to make light of, need not keep Americans sitting up nights with worry.

I have tried to give an honest picture of the national defense today as contained in information made available by the men whose efforts have raised its standards. What tomorrow's picture will look like depends upon the Roosevelt administration.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—A Russian religious sect. Driven from Russia, many emigrated to Cyprus and Canada.

2—In 1600.

3—Christopher Columbus, in 1492.

4—Ignace Paderewski, who was premier of Poland after the World War.

5—Henry Knox.

6—Deposits left at the extremity of glaciers.

7—The Spanish word for snow-covered.

8—In Roman religion, the goddess of the fruit of trees.

9—This was the name given by Western nations to the old Turkish court.

10—It is German for storm and stress.

11—Richard Wagner.

12—Admiral Montojo.

13—Monaco.

14—Lübeck, Hamburg, Cologne, and Danzig were the most important.

15—A form of servitude in which a laborer is in bondage.

16—A celebrated American diplomat and historian.

17—A treaty entered into in 1923 between Canada and the United States to protect the halibut fisheries in the North Pacific.

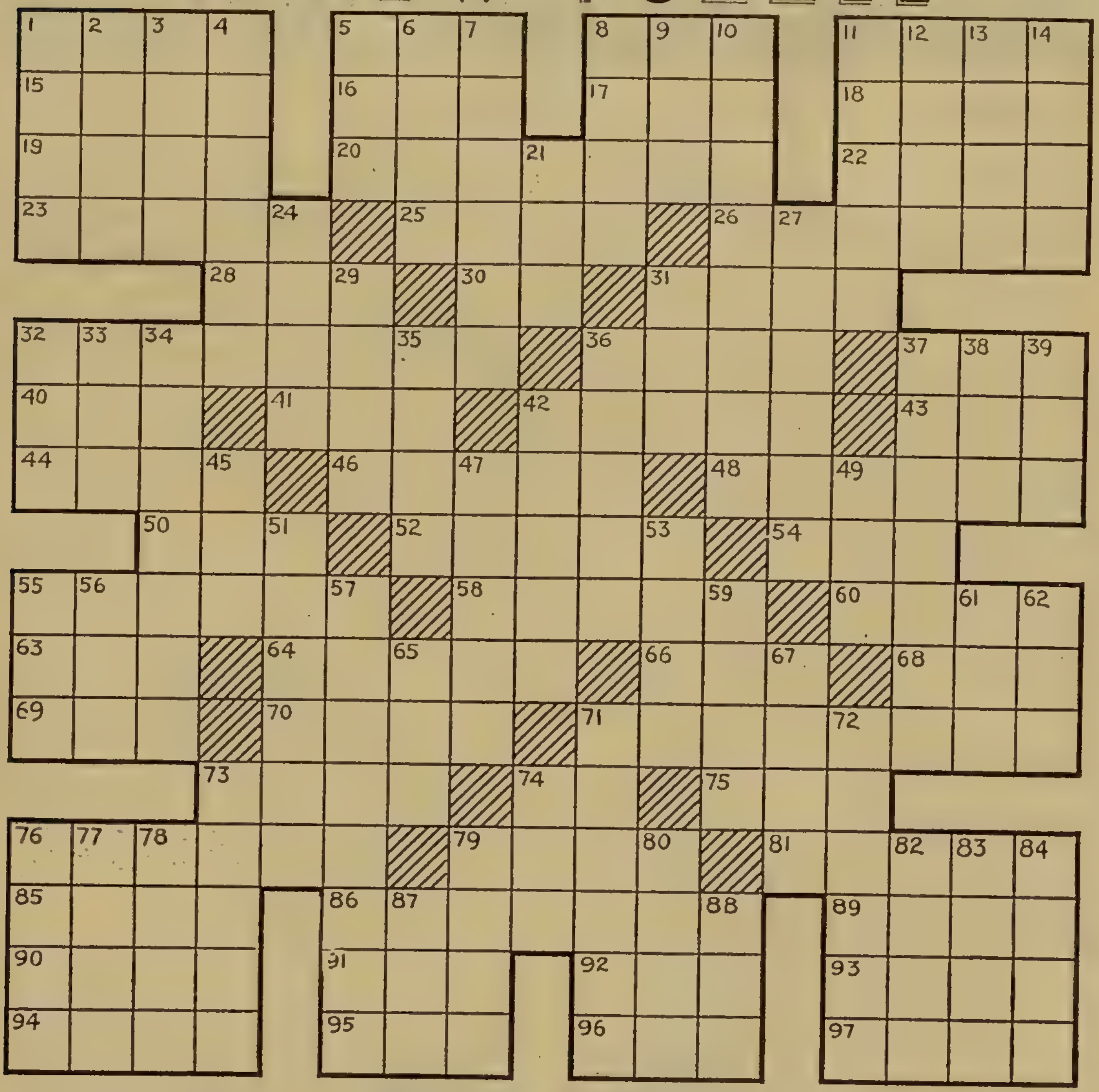
18—In Scandinavian mythology, the bridge of death, over which all must pass.

19—Two hundred and twenty-one feet.

20—Gainsborough.

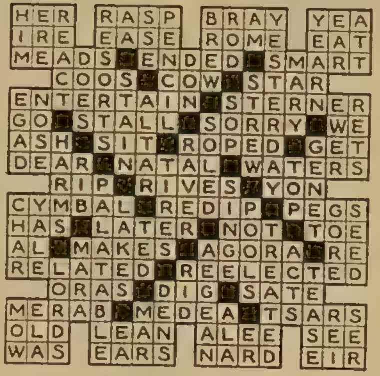
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A lean-to
5 Girl's name (abbr.)
8 A vegetable
11 A kind of cheese
15 To surface
16 Anglo-Saxon coin
17 To mistake
18 An easy gait
19 Revise and amend
20 More distant
22 Acts
23 Hinder; retard
25 Iniquities
26 Improves; corrects
28 Electrified particle
30 An element (symbol)
31 Autocratic ruler
32 Planks collectively
36 Clubs
37 Solemn promise
40 Suffer illness
41 Note of Guido's scale
42 South African plants
43 Period
44 Part of a book
46 Expunge
48 More compact
50 Babylonian deity
52 Ascend
54 Inebriate
55 A crown
58 Billiard shot
60 Playing card
63 Equip with weapons
64 Cardinal number
66 Entirely
68 Hail!
69 An affirmative
70 Spoke
71 Sleeping places
73 Unaspirated letter
74 Note of the scale



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HER RASP BRAY YEA
IRE EASE ROME EAT
MEADS■ENDED■SMART
  COOS■COW■STAR
ENTERTAIN■STERNER
GO■STALL■SORRY■WE
ASH■SIT■ROPED■GET
DEAR■NATAL■WATERS
  RIP■RIVES■YON
CYMBAL■REDIP■PEGS
HAS■LATER■NOT■TOE
AL■MAKES■AGORA■RE
RELATED■REELECTED
  ORAS■DIG■SATE
MERAB■MEDEA■TSARS
OLD LEAN ALEE SEE
WAS EARS NARD EIR
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Answer to last week's puzzle

75 Exist
76 Annex; affix
79 Excludes
81 Wrath
85 Morning
86 Hermit
89 Rent
90 Argued at the bar
91 Deep groove
92 Descendant
93 Silkworm
94 Utters
95 A wave
96 A sheep
97 Bamboolike grass

VERTICAL

1 Hastened
2 Deviate from vertical
3 Sinful
4 Restrain; check
5 Neither
6 Greek god of war
7 Calling
8 Caresses
9 Prior to
10 Taken into custody
11 Older
12 A tree of Ceylon
13 Imitated
14 Confusion
21 Individual
24 Join together
27 Religious services
29 River in Africa
31 Filipino peasant
32 Comrade
33 Recline
34 A southern state
35 City in Japan
36 To make holy
37 Of a vestry
38 Crude metal
39 Strife; conflict
42 Of a continent
45 Nourished
47 Equipped for war
49 No
51 Abate
53 Edom
55 Division of time
56 Wrath
57 Wanders
59 Mediterranean island
61 Woman's name
62 Assent
65 Contend against
67 Coin of Italy
71 Shade of red
72 Middle point
73 Loans
74 A sheep
76 Electrical units (ab.)
77 Italian seaport
78 To plunder; pillage
79 Greek letter
80 Pack away
82 Blood
83 American Indian
84 Peruse
87 Regret
88 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

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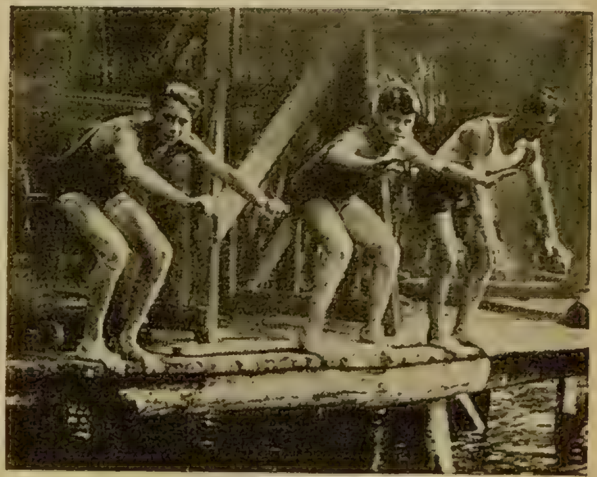


Boys!
PLUNGE into a POOL of PLUNDER!

■ Boys! Swimming days are here. What a thrill to pull your clothes off speedily, jump into a perfect-fitting swimming suit and dive in! Regular fellers all over the United States and Canada are enjoying water sports—and enjoying 'em all the more because their swimming suits didn't cost them a penny!

Sounds too good to be true, yet thousands of boys have learned to swim well and have received everything from swimming suits to bicycles free. You too can have all you've been yearning for—free. You can get equipment for every sport, camping goods, etc., just doing some pleasant work in your spare time—right in your own neighborhood.

Mail the coupon below and we will tell you how to get these things—and earn money at the same time. Don't delay!

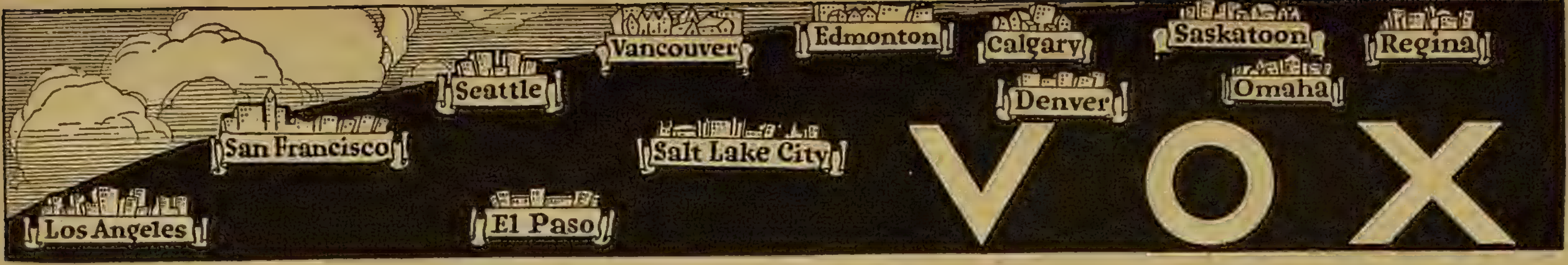
MAIL TODAY

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L-8-5-33
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen. I want to make money and earn prizes.

NAME..
ADDRESS.......................................
DATE OF BIRTH.................................
CITY.......................... STATE...........

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:
....



The Relief Racket Editorial

BALTIMORE, MD.—I am writing to commend your excellent editorial in the June 17 issue entitled, Relief Racketeering Should Be a Capital Offense.

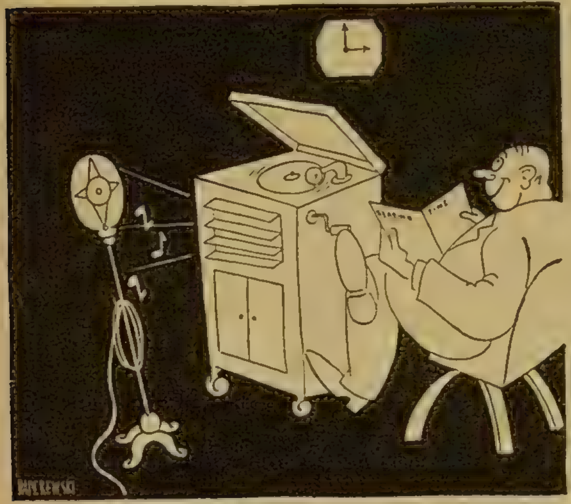
Preying on the most generous and noblest of impulses, racketeers in the charity field have mulcted the public of considerable sums.

Further than this, they have made it difficult for those engaged in legitimate and properly run charitable work to get sufficient funds to meet actual and pressing needs.—*James M. Hepbron, Director, Community Fund.*

What Radio Announcers Do Between the Programs

MARSHFIELD, ORE.—I have noticed in Vox Pop a number of uses for that feature of all your stories and articles, "Reading Time." Well, here is one that I think beats them all:

We announcers out here at KOOS use it to time our radio programs. When we get our weekly Liberty (and we don't mean a day off) our listeners all wonder what is wrong with the programs, as they are all of different lengths. You see, if the short short story looks good we put on a record that runs for five minutes. If we see a story with a reading time of about fifteen minutes we put on a fifteen-minute transcription.—*Bob Hargreaves.*



"He Died with His Boots On," Said Tex, After Reading This

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Allow me to compliment you on the story Born to Raise Hell, by Tex O'Reilly, though I resent him calling Emilio Salgado a bandit and an outlaw. My uncle was neither. He was just a rancher who could fight when he had to. I shall never forget the day of his execution, when he refused to be blindfolded.

It seems that to arouse the American public's interest in a Mexican character he must be a bandit or an outlaw. Or perhaps Mr. O'Reilly's memory is not what it used to be and he gave my uncle somebody else's profession. *Quien sabe?—Julio Salgado.*

One Vote for Kirk

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The story Nobody's Champion, by R. G. Kirk, appeals to me as being the best story in the June 3 issue of Liberty.

There is quite a bit of the human element of responsibility in the dog story.

He might be called a misfit from the standpoint of being beautiful or a pure breed, but that human element of responsibility, after all, is what saved little Billie's life from a cold watery grave.—*H. E. Dykes.*

The Way of the Readers with Arthur Garfield Hays' Article

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I enjoy reading Liberty, and have not registered a growl to date.

I have a feeling that the article in the July 1 issue by Arthur Garfield Hays, The Way of the Law with a Man, should have been given to the garbage man instead of spreading the shame of a poor mistreated girl over the land. Also, his defense of that bird is a travesty on common decency. A common yellow dog will not abandon in the hour of distress those who love it.

J. W. Elliott

I am a bachelor and do not pose as an angel, but the betrayal of a sweet affectionate girl is a crime that should be punished in order to protect innocent girls.—*J. W. Elliott.*

McALLEN, TEXAS—If you had scoured the courts of New York you would not have found a more indecent record than that published by Liberty in the July 1 issue under the title The Way of the Law with a Man, by Arthur Garfield Hays.

What an inspiring article for the pure-minded and innocent youth into whose homes this magazine comes! I suggest you change the name from Liberty to Scum.—*H. J. Evans.*

MOBILE, ALA.—The Way of the Law with a Man, by Arthur Garfield Hays, in your July 1 issue deserves double comment.

One for the cold facts which may help others; the other for his admirable point of view. That the author unmistakably knows what he is talking about is needless to say here.—*Rennie Saulsbury Eden.*

You Wouldn't Kid Us, Would You?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Only suckers read your magazine.

And I'm one of about five million of 'em.—*Lew Morrison.*

Broadway Has a Scent that Also Is Intoxicating

REFUGIO, TEXAS—In the first installment of Viña Delmar's serial, Pretty Sadie McKee, Sadie laughed and remarked that it would take nerve for two hick kids to calmly walk across Broadway without noticing it. Well, here's one that drove across it without recognizing it, not once but a half dozen times between the hours of eight and ten in the evening with all the lights ablaze. I was looking for it too.

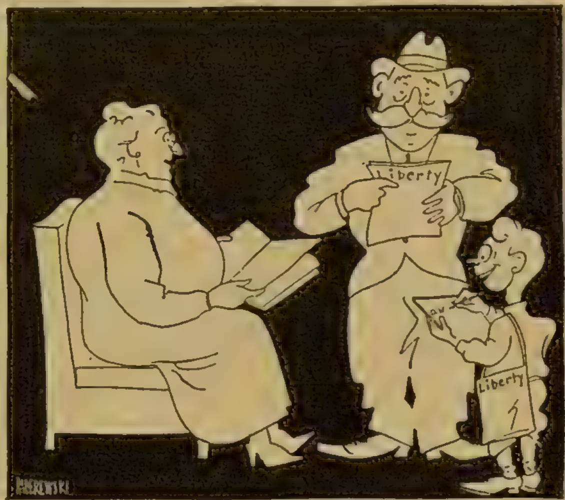
Leo C. Buckley

The streets of my little home town, illuminated by lighted oil derricks, with the music of rotaries in my ears and the intoxicating scent of crude oil in my nostrils, were more impressive to me than the Great White Way.—*Leo C. Buckley.*

Do You Know, Ned, We Sorta Like Your Letter, Too

PORTLAND, ORE.—I made a check with a few of my customers who had read the June 17 issue of Liberty and asked them what stories in Liberty they liked best and why.

Not all my women customers would tell me why, but I guess some of them are in love, for most of them like a story with a little of that in it.

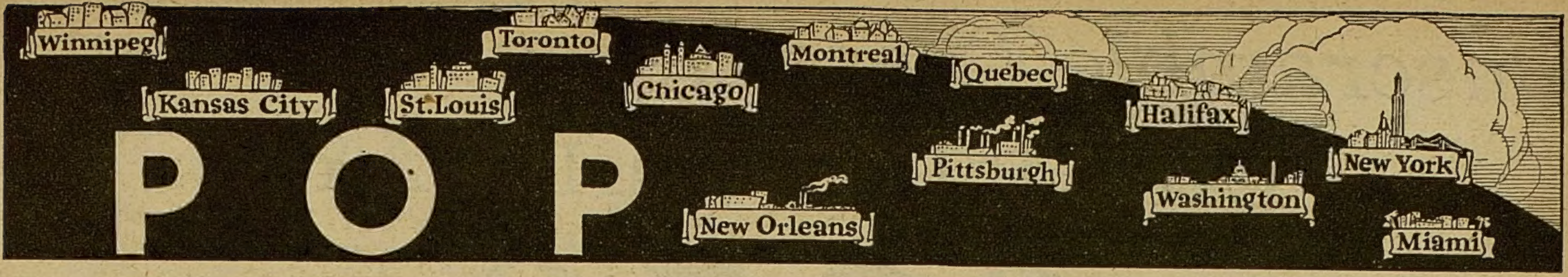


Mrs. Perkinds liked all of Beatrice Grimshaw's stories and the Long Lagoon was her choice.

Mr. Colbert said he believed the best double page in Liberty was the movie review page. He likes movies and Liberty gives him the advance news on all the shows. Two of my women customers preferred Scarlet Woman and I sort of like that one myself.

Mr. Doone said that Marriage Drums was the best story Liberty has ever published.

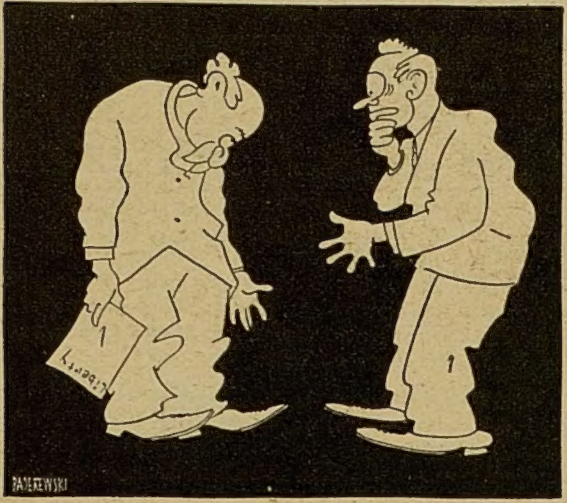
So they all seem to like all of the stories and I tell them all that they sure get their five cents' worth.—*Ned Bourne.*



POP

We Try to Be

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—My old man used to say Liberty should not be allowed to pollute Canadian mails! Every week I take Liberty to my girl. Last week it disappeared. Where was it?



After accusing everybody in the house the old man finally confessed, "Yes! I'm reading a good story. You can have it tomorrow."

Liberty must be good.—*J. Haddon, Jr.*

It's on This Page Now

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—It may cut no ice whether you have one more or one less subscriber, but it will be one less very soon if you don't cut out the vicious practice of shifting your Table of Contents. You published a serial by Octavus Roy Cohen recently. It was a great surprise. It differed widely from your others in that it started in an interesting manner, held its interest, and ended logically.—*O. F. Bresee.*

Drop in Sometime When You Feel a Little Better

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—I agree with others in stating that your periodical represents one of the lowest types of publication.

It is the most unutterably trashy magazine on the market. Your stories are sometimes just simpering, idiotical excuses, sometimes nasty and suggestive. Your movie reviews are a joke, and your articles are liberal and insignificant. Without a doubt Liberty is today, as always, the people's choice for the wastebasket.—*Walter Janicki, Jr.*

A Canadian Hastens to Make a Slight Correction

PENTICTON, B. C.—In Vox Pop of July 1 a letter appears signed by Mr. M. C. Long of Los Angeles on the Canadian banking system versus the American system.

A dandy letter, Mr. Long, except for one error. You said that the Canadian banks do not sell securities. This is far from the case. They may not underwrite, but they *do* sell and advise the purchase of securities, and many securities, to my own knowledge, that have proved themselves decidedly speculative. The Bond Dealers Association of Canada has tried many times to legislate the prevention of our banks' selling bonds and stocks, but so far it has been to no avail. They feel, and rightly, that it is not the banks' business to recommend the purchase of, and also to sell, securities as their managers are not trained along this line, whereas your investment house employs trained men to look into the stability and security of any bond or stock offered for sale. I have had bank managers of country branches in Canada admit to me that they know nothing about investments or investing principles and yet they will sell securities to their clients.

You can see by the above that not all our Canadian banking system is perfect. —*John Young.*

It's a Trick Door

HAMILTON, ONT.—Opportunity knocks but once but you seem to be lucky. It knocks at your door all the time.

After all, it's the knocks of the knockers that knock this magazine into the knockout class.—*Abe Hotz.*

We'll Look Into It

SEATTLE, WASH.—Your magazine is worth five times a nickel since the beginning of Viña Delmar's newest serial, Pretty Sadie McKee.

I'm sure others think the same.

How about Viña writing her life story for Liberty?

I'm sure it would be interesting, and other Viña Delmar fans would like it, too.—*Martha Sanders.*

Martha Sanders

The Returns from England

EDGEWARE, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND—Just a line to let that one-hundred-percent Englishman, E. F. Fullen, in the May 13 Vox Pop know that there is even another English reader of your magazine who is pleased to await the weekly distribution on this side of "the pond" (through the usual channels, *i. e.*, British wholesaler and small-time news vendor), even though it be one month after publication date!—*Eric A. W. Paulsen.*

LONDON, ENGLAND—I've been reading your magazine now for three years and I think it's swell, but I've got two complaints to make.

The first is that there are too many serials. In the issue of May 20 there were five. Well, how the heck do you expect us to carry five stories in our heads at one sitting?—*O. P. Johnson.*

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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Unscramble These Names and Win!

LIBERTY WILL PAY

$250

FOR THE SIXTY-FOUR BEST ENTRIES

Send in Your Claim to a Share of the Cash Prizes

SIXTY-FOUR cash prizes will be paid for the best entries in this week's contest. Sixty-four Liberty readers will turn their fun into cash as a result of reading this page. Will you be among them? You can't win unless you enter. If you enter your chance to win is excellent!

Here's the idea. Each of the scrambled words at the right will spell a geographical name when the mixed-up letters are rearranged in their proper sequence. It's up to you to do the rearranging. You can use a map and a gazetteer to aid you.

Perhaps some of the words will unscramble for you at first glance. So much the better! Other words may require more thought and study. All of them may be found on any complete map of Europe when you have solved them correctly.

It may prove helpful in straightening out some of the more difficult words to work on the basis of the popular word game in which you see how many words you can make from a given combination of letters. This, however, is just a suggestion.

Do not be discouraged if you do not solve all of the names. If you solve even half of them do not hesitate to file an entry. It may bring you one of the major awards!

THE WORDS

1 SARIP
2 CISYAB
3 PORIVELLO
4 HANSNON
5 SUVIVUSE
6 MORBADLY
7 POSSABACOM
8 MORE
9 NAILABA
10 PREWANT
11 THEMZINC
12 RAWAWS
13 ALDENSEARLD
14 IGUANADA
15 CHATIRAISIN
16 SUNSORTED
17 GHNISSLOFER
18 WOSMOC
19 CLEANIVA
20 FORKKAH
21 GERCKARAKS
22 SMELLAIRE
23 ALOGAD
24 YAKERNILL
25 NERVES
26 MAPAGRIN

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of Europe.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Paris. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

SARIP—PARIS--A city in France.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions are final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, August 21.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JUNE 17

$50 FIRST PRIZE

HENRY BRUNO, Chicago, Ill.

"No, my dear, this is not lipstick on my handkerchief. You see—it's a color sample of the special paint job on the cute roadster I'm buying for you."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

CHRISTINE D. PEAKES, Boston, Mass.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

OTIS AUSTIN, Fort Hunter, N. Y.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

ROBERT TELLIER, Jersey City, N. J.

TEN $5 PRIZES

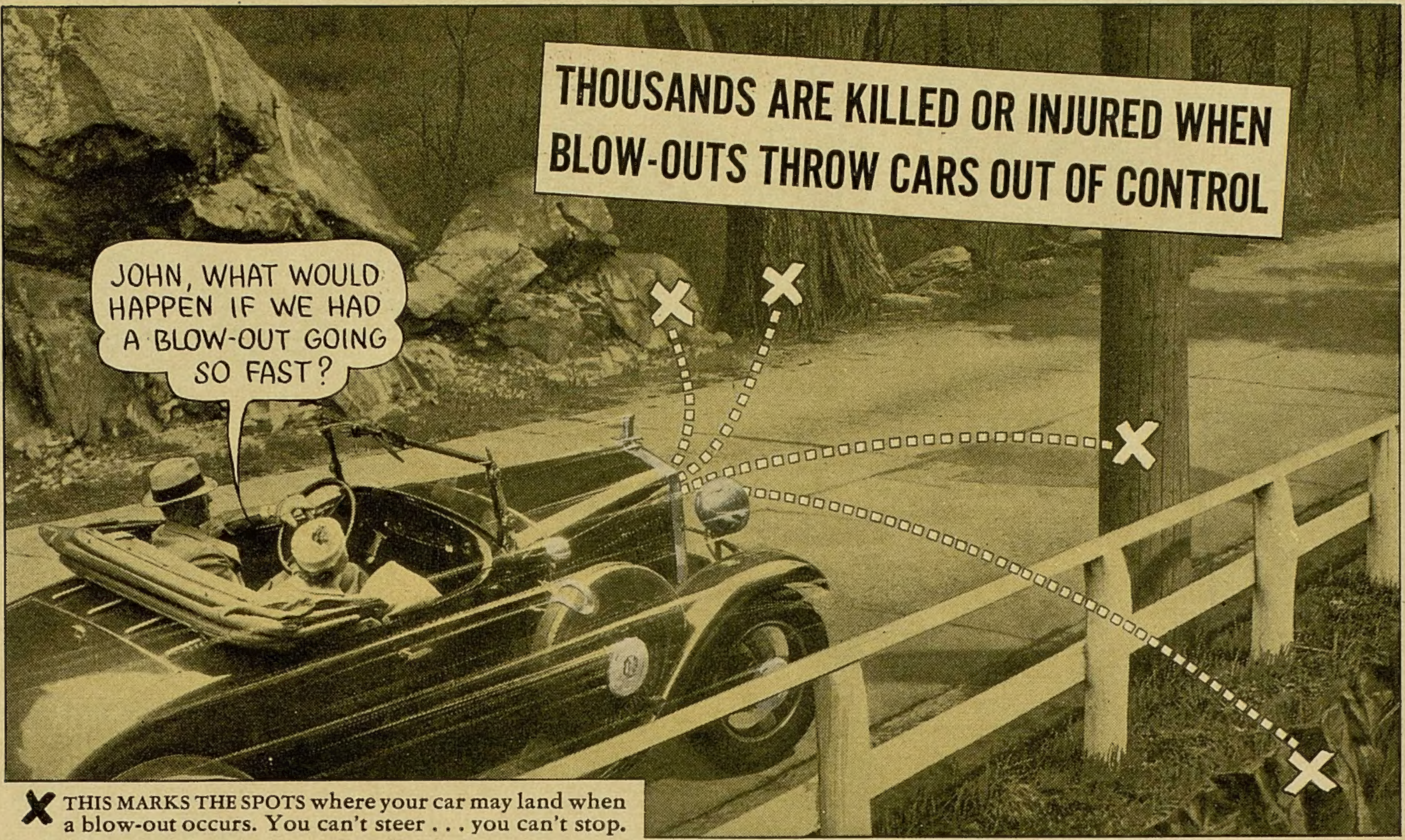
Mary Armstrong, Wilmington, N. C.; Suzanne D. Bullock, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas Hogue, Painted Post, N. Y.; Roy Jacobson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Andrew Johnson, Arlington, Mass.; Mrs. Florence E. Kaiss, Baltimore, Md.; Alice C. Laird, West Orange, N. J.; Charlotte Mish, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Addie Ranney, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Newton Trenham, Azusa, Calif.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Valerie Aldrich, Cincinnati, Ohio; C. L. Armstrong, Hazleton, Iowa; James W. Blackburn, Westfield, N. J.; W. P. Bloodworth, Atlanta, Ga.; Ethel Boyd, Calgary, Alta.; M. J. Broley, Winnipeg, Man.; F. A. Brookshier, Las Vegas, N. M.; Thelma Bryan, Oklahoma City, Okla.; A. F. Bullock, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. Dieter, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Robert Elliott, Pottstown, Pa.; Elliott P. Ellis, Birmingham, Ala.; Jack Gambill, Dallas, Tex.; Donald Gray, Rochester, N. Y.; Ellen Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.

John M. Hampton, Port Arthur, Tex.; Mrs. D. C. Hardin, Fort Huachuca, Ariz.; Julia H. Harrison, Alexandria, Va.; Fred L. Hayes, Bellerose, N. Y.; Harry Holmes, Bassano, Alta.; G. W. Hummel, Louisville, Ky.; Thelma Jackson, Sacramento, Calif.; W. H. Johnson, Jackson, Mich.; Philip H. Jung, Huntingdon, Pa.; John R. Knight, Detroit, Mich.; D. H. Lawless, Norfolk, Va.; Imogene Luddington, Hamilton, Ohio; J. Marker, Buffalo, N. Y.; Elmer H. Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. K. McCoy, Norfolk, Va.; Sydney R. Mills, Putnam, Conn.

E. B. Myers, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. W. Nichols, Berkeley, Calif.; Daniel C. Ortiz, Santa Fe., N. M.; Mary C. Pearson, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas J. Phillips, Bristol, R. I.; H. Ramsbottom, Calgary, Alta.; Helen Somerville, Chicago, Ill.; A. Stromberg, Plainfield, N. J.; Esther M. Talbot, Springfield, Mass.; Raymond Thayer, Gassaway, W. Va.; R. Burge Toney, Louisville, Ky.; Elizabeth E. Verity, Freeport, N. Y.; Billy Walker, Norfolk, Va.; Lucy Welty, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; E. H. Williamson, New Orleans, La.; David Wilson, Elizabeth, N. J.; J. Wood, Los Angeles, Calif.; William R. Wright, San Francisco, Calif.


THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL
JOHN, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE HAD A BLOW-OUT GOING SO FAST?

X THIS MARKS THE SPOTS where your car may land when a blow-out occurs. You can't steer . . . you can't stop.

NEW LIFE-SAVING TIRE PREVENTS CAUSE OF BLOW-OUTS

Tests prove this new tire is 3 times safer at high speeds

HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters", which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.

UNFORTUNATELY you can't pick your spots when a blow-out happens. It comes when you least expect it... when steep cliffs yawn or ditches beckon . . . BANG! Your tire flattens . . . the rim hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster pulling your car off the highway.

What causes blow-outs

Today's high speeds generate terrific heat inside your tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms . . . *inside* . . . and GROWS . . . bigger and bigger, until . . . BANG! A blow-out! And your car shoots madly off the road.

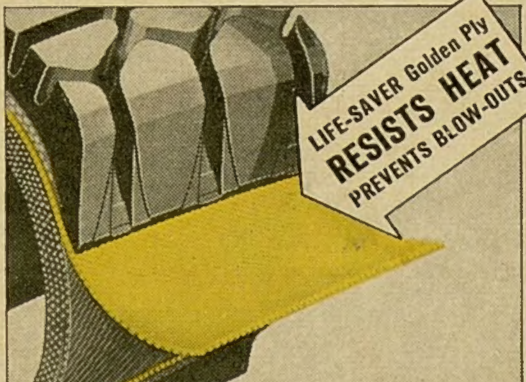
To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are prevented before they even start.

At gruelling speeds, on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires lasted *3 times* as long as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These Silvertowns *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone—but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

The tread, too, is safer from skidding. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires prove that the new Goodrich Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car *extra* road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost not a single penny more than standard tires. Look up your Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory. Have him put a set on your car NOW!

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich Dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 130, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



Remarkable new Goodrich invention resists heat — making the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

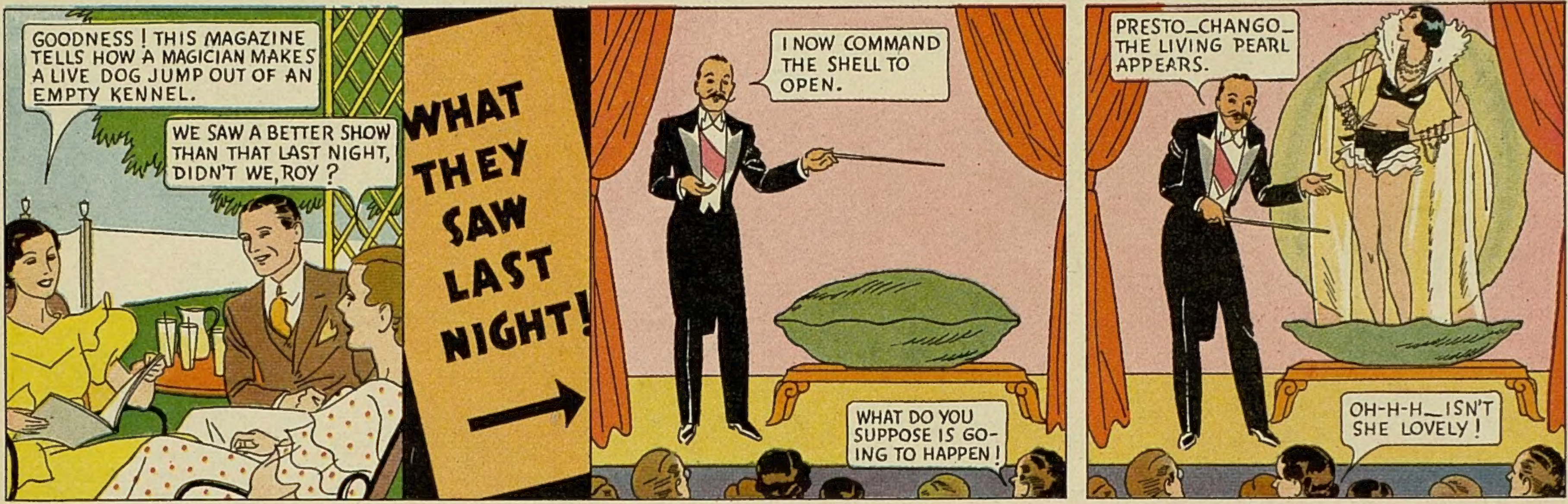
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

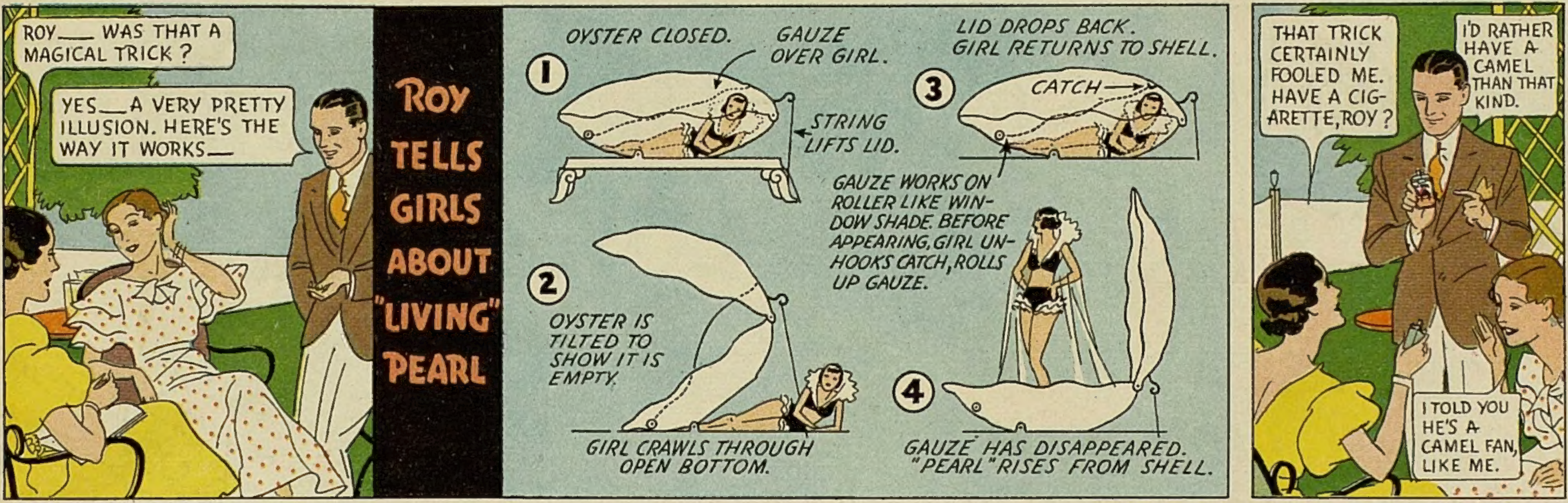
Copyright 1933, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

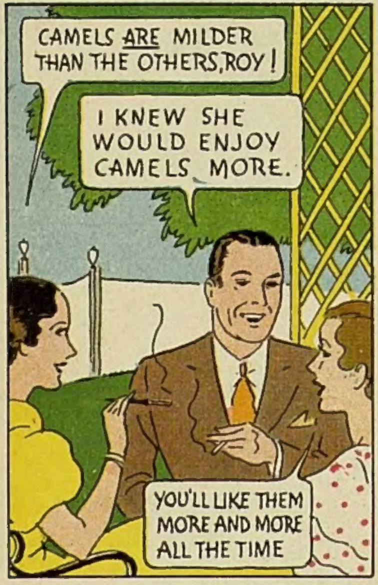
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

TODAY'S FEATURE *The* LIVING PEARL

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


GOODNESS! THIS MAGAZINE TELLS HOW A MAGICIAN MAKES A LIVE DOG JUMP OUT OF AN EMPTY KENNEL.
WE SAW A BETTER SHOW THAN THAT LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T WE, ROY?
WHAT THEY SAW LAST NIGHT!
I NOW COMMAND THE SHELL TO OPEN.
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!
PRESTO_CHANGO_ THE LIVING PEARL APPEARS.
OH-H-H_ISN'T SHE LOVELY!


ROY_ WAS THAT A MAGICAL TRICK?
YES_A VERY PRETTY ILLUSION. HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS_
ROY TELLS GIRLS ABOUT "LIVING" PEARL
① OYSTER CLOSED. GAUZE OVER GIRL.
STRING LIFTS LID.
② OYSTER IS TILTED TO SHOW IT IS EMPTY.
GIRL CRAWLS THROUGH OPEN BOTTOM.
③ LID DROPS BACK. GIRL RETURNS TO SHELL.
CATCH
GAUZE WORKS ON ROLLER LIKE WINDOW SHADE. BEFORE APPEARING, GIRL UNHOOKS CATCH, ROLLS UP GAUZE.
④ GAUZE HAS DISAPPEARED. "PEARL" RISES FROM SHELL.
THAT TRICK CERTAINLY FOOLED ME. HAVE A CIGARETTE, ROY?
I'D RATHER HAVE A CAMEL THAN THAT KIND.
I TOLD YOU HE'S A CAMEL FAN, LIKE ME.


CAMELS ARE MILDER THAN THE OTHERS, ROY!
I KNEW SHE WOULD ENJOY CAMELS MORE.
YOU'LL LIKE THEM MORE AND MORE ALL THE TIME

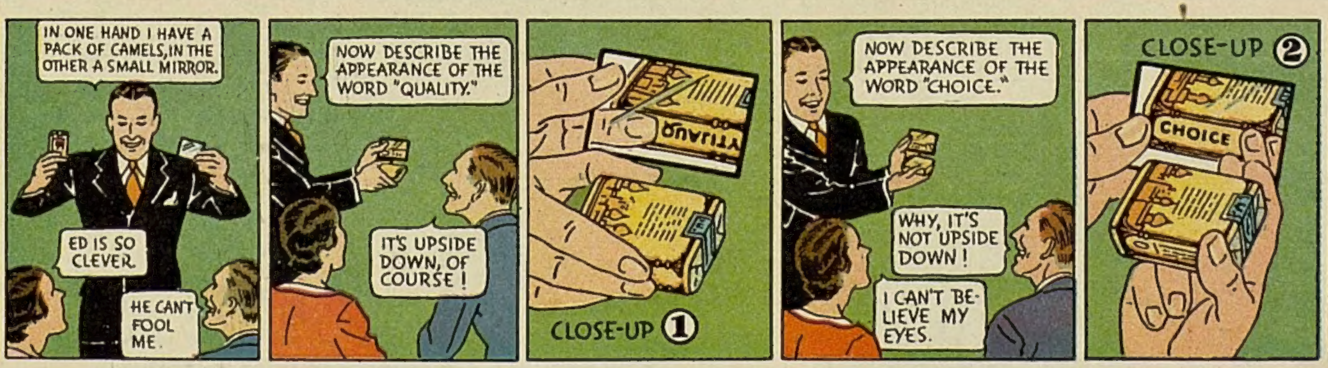
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS! FOR A MILD, PLEASING SMOKE LIGHT UP A CAMEL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF THE TRUTH OF THE SAYING: *"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS."*

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS — just COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's
A MATCHLESS BLEND

BE A MAGICIAN

TRY THIS CIGARETTE TRICK ON YOUR FRIENDS


IN ONE HAND I HAVE A PACK OF CAMELS, IN THE OTHER A SMALL MIRROR.
ED IS SO CLEVER.
HE CAN'T FOOL ME.
NOW DESCRIBE THE APPEARANCE OF THE WORD "QUALITY."
IT'S UPSIDE DOWN, OF COURSE!
QUALITY
CLOSE-UP ①
NOW DESCRIBE THE APPEARANCE OF THE WORD "CHOICE."
WHY, IT'S NOT UPSIDE DOWN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES.
CLOSE-UP ②
CHOICE

A "CHOICE" WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

THE WORD "CHOICE" IS POSSIBLY THE ONLY WORD OF SIX LETTERS WHEREIN ALL THE LETTERS HAVE THE SAME SHAPE IN THEIR UPPER AND LOWER VALUES. A MIRROR ONLY REVERSES IN ONE DIMENSION. THE WORD "CHOICE," THOUGH IT ACTUALLY IS REVERSED, DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE. IN MAGIC, THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.